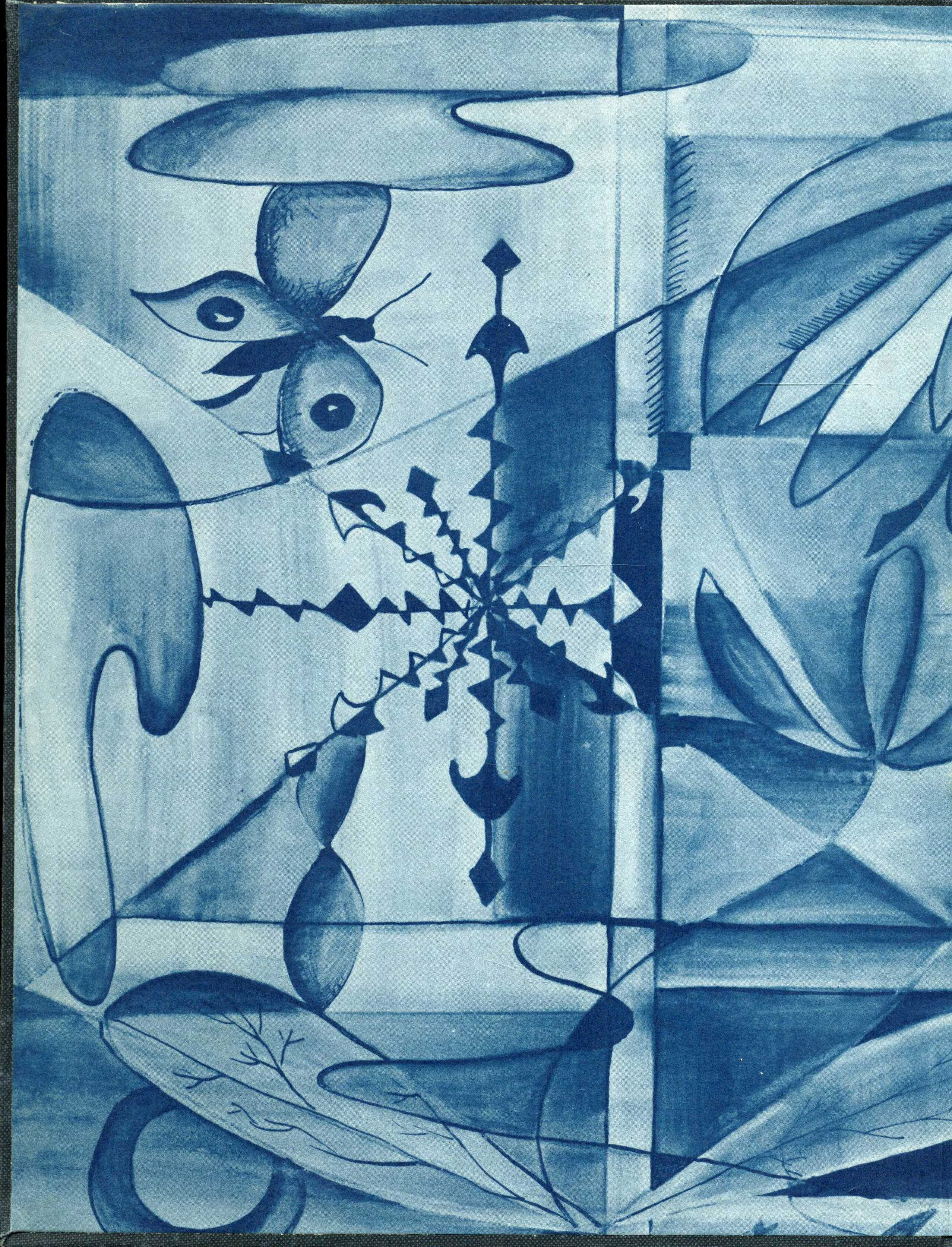


THE HALLMARK

1955





the
1955

hallmark

miss hall's school
pittsfield, massachusetts

To the natural beauty
of the Berkshires
in all the changing seasons,
a constant source
of pleasure and inspiration
to us in our school life,
we dedicate

THE HALLMARK
of 1955

FELT ALONG THE HEART

In the autumn the purple of the Berkshires turns into the misty, multi-colored tones of a Monet painting, and everyone is again astonished at the beauty of the hillsides. Bright color runs riot over the mountains, - ambers, russets, and scarlets, interspersed with the deep green of old pines and the silver of slender birches. From Canadian wild geese flying south in their V formation comes a faint, mournful honk. A lonely sound, it is unlike anything else, yet is characteristic of a Berkshire autumn. Or, on a rainy day, sleek, black branches silhouette themselves against the rich colors of wet foliage, while raindrops knock dead leaves, one by one, to the ground where they lie looking like a slippery Oriental carpet. The woods and fields are alive with soft, bright-eyed little field mice who sometimes burrow in the grassy fields near Flagpole Hill. Here and there the trunk of a tree serves as a boundary line for two regions of color; on one side, from bottom to top, the leaves are bright scarlet, while on the other side, they remain green. After the tree-tops are bare, one can see near the railroad tracks the crows whose idle racket, starting at dawn, awakens every sleeping thing for miles around. Finally the deceiving heat of an Indian summer disappears and winter sets in.

The sky, with occasional small gray and white clouds near the horizon, always seems bluer on a clear winter day. The cold air outlines everything sharply; the edge of snow-laced Greylock viewed from the golf-course ski run, designs of minute snowflakes, even the face of a bright full moon are all crisply clear. Near the tennis courts the dampness of the earth freezes to form jewel-like crystals. Sheets of these complex crystals, when held against the light of the weak winter sun, look like uncolored stained-glass windows. The black ice of the newly frozen pond, cut in white lines by our skate blades, offers an intriguing design of curlicues. Winter days are comfortably still. On the front lawn even the sound of a little avalanche of snow falling from the branch of a dark hemlock is a quiet sound. Sometimes in the late afternoon there is the whispering silence of a winter snowfall, and, as the sun goes down, its slanted rays accentuate the delicate hues of falling flakes. Long shadows on the snow-covered campus are purple, like the gentle, surrounding mountains. Black, scudding clouds edged with silver race excitingly across the night skies, and snow turns blue in the moonlight, as if reflecting the sky of daytime. Sometimes white owls, from the woods near Dr. Reynold's house, roost on the trees or the roof of the school and haunt the night with unearthly and mournful sounds.

As the days grow longer, and the nights shorter, everything becomes delicate, even misty, in the approaching warmth. Spring is the greenhouse of the seasons. It is mild to the touch, to the sight, to the smell. There is the soft, waxy feeling of lilac leaves which have just blossomed, but which have not yet turned from gold to green. In the Pringles' yard the evening grosbeaks whistle cheerful songs and hunt for sunflower seeds. Even the crows start their early morning antics out in the fields again. In the woods near the driveway the bloodroot and violet poke up from under protecting leaves, looking pale in the spring sunlight. The brook, which was quiet under its ice in the winter, splashes and trickles at the pond outlet during the thaw. Toward the end of spring, sawdust in the track pits and grass on the baseball diamonds smell sweetly of heat.

Nature is beauty without a price tag. An insect-chewed autumn leaf is no less artistic than a silver filigree bracelet. A lilac blossom is more fragrant than a bottle of Chanel perfume. And a cloud is softer, finer, filmier than the best chiffon. Here on our campus, in all the seasons, is natural beauty that is free to be enjoyed by everyone. "Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart," it can comfort us in times of trouble and make us happier in our cheerful moods.

But how many of us really take the time to notice?

D. W.



THE HALLMARK BOARD

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Jane Lowry	Assistant Editor
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Katherine Austin	
Diane Leroy	
Barbara Robertson	Art Editors
Carol Coonley	Photography Editor
Margaret Webb	Business Manager
Miss Pitman	
Miss Gatchell	Faculty Advisers

SENIORS



KATHERINE RICHARDS AUSTIN
"Kitty"
766 Chestnut Street
Needham, Massachusetts

"I won't be listed and labeled or tabbed and tagged."



LESLIE LINDSAY BARKER
"Linds"
222 East 71st Street
New York 21, New York

"It's a source of considerable astonishment to me."



JOAN GREENLEAF BALDWIN
"Jo", "Baldy"
90 Howard Gleason Road
Cohasset, Massachusetts

"Beyond the sound of clocks and voices."

1955



CONSTANCE CUNNINGHAM CALHOUN
"Connie", "Smallest"
Walnut Hill
Harrods Creek, Kentucky

"You human beings are always astonished."

DAIL CAMERON
Broad Brook Road
Mount Kisco, New York

"I can do a score of things that can't be done."



BONNIE BASSETT BEMISS
401 Pomeroy Avenue
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

"If it has been done before, all I can say is that
I am doing it again."





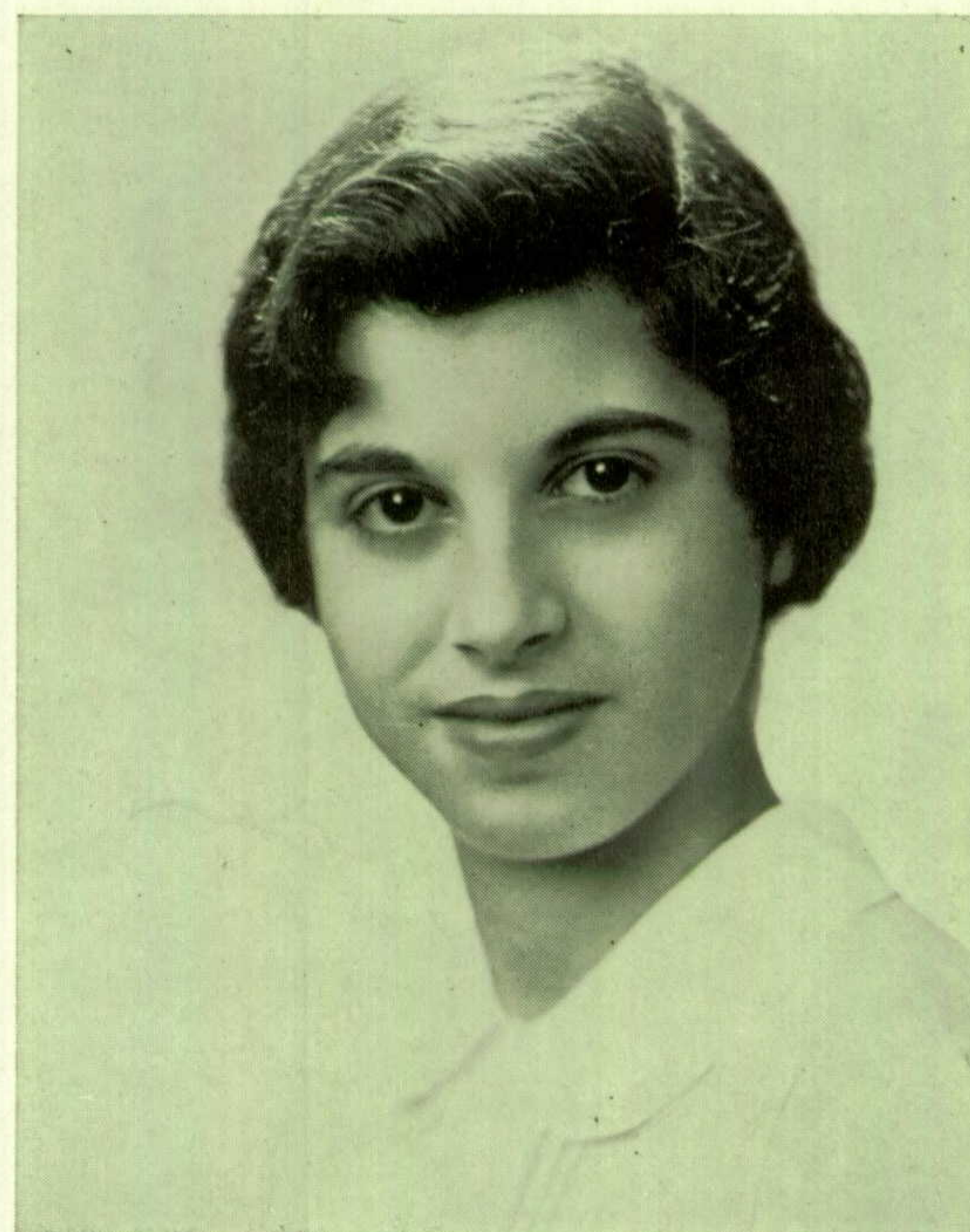
DEBORAH ALLEN COWARD
 "Debs", "Debby"
 Jane's Acre
 Bedford, New York

"Mark the manner of her speech and the carriage of her head."



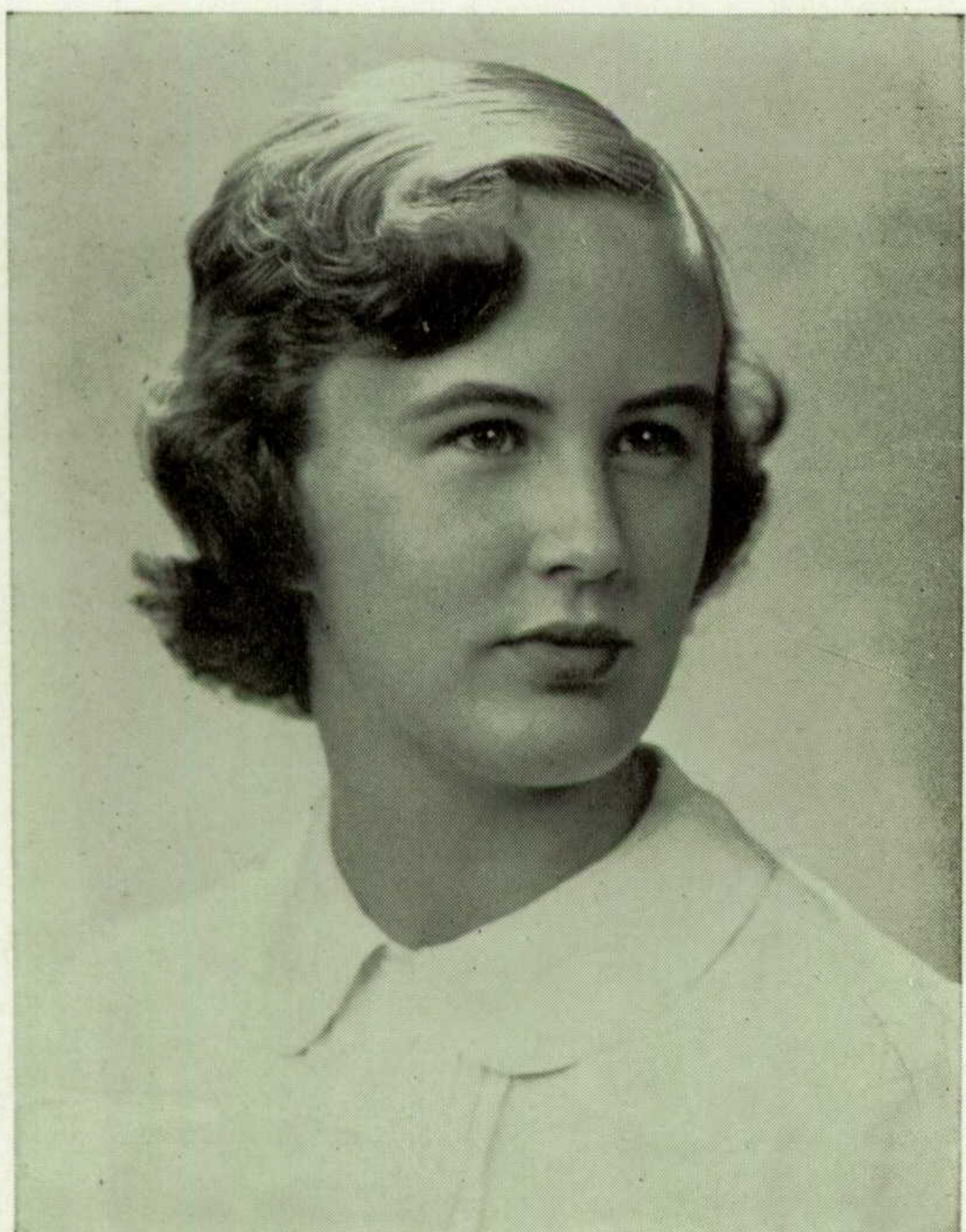
WILHELMINA McCALL DOMMERICH
 "Wimsey", "Willy"
 Leeward Lane
 Riverside, Connecticut

"She is companionable but she resents the taking of liberties."



CAROLE MARIE CRISTIANO
 "Cris", "Little One"
 115 Dawes Avenue
 Pittsfield, Massachusetts

"I have no contempt for any woman as long as she confesses who and what she is."



HOLLY FALL

"Hol"

335 Holmes Road

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

"Don't wrap me up in words."



SUZANNE LINDA DOW

"Sue", "Suzabelle"

20 Sutton Place

New York City, New York

"Everyone admits that she is indubitably spry."



ELLEN MARIA GOFF

"Goofy"

Bacon Road

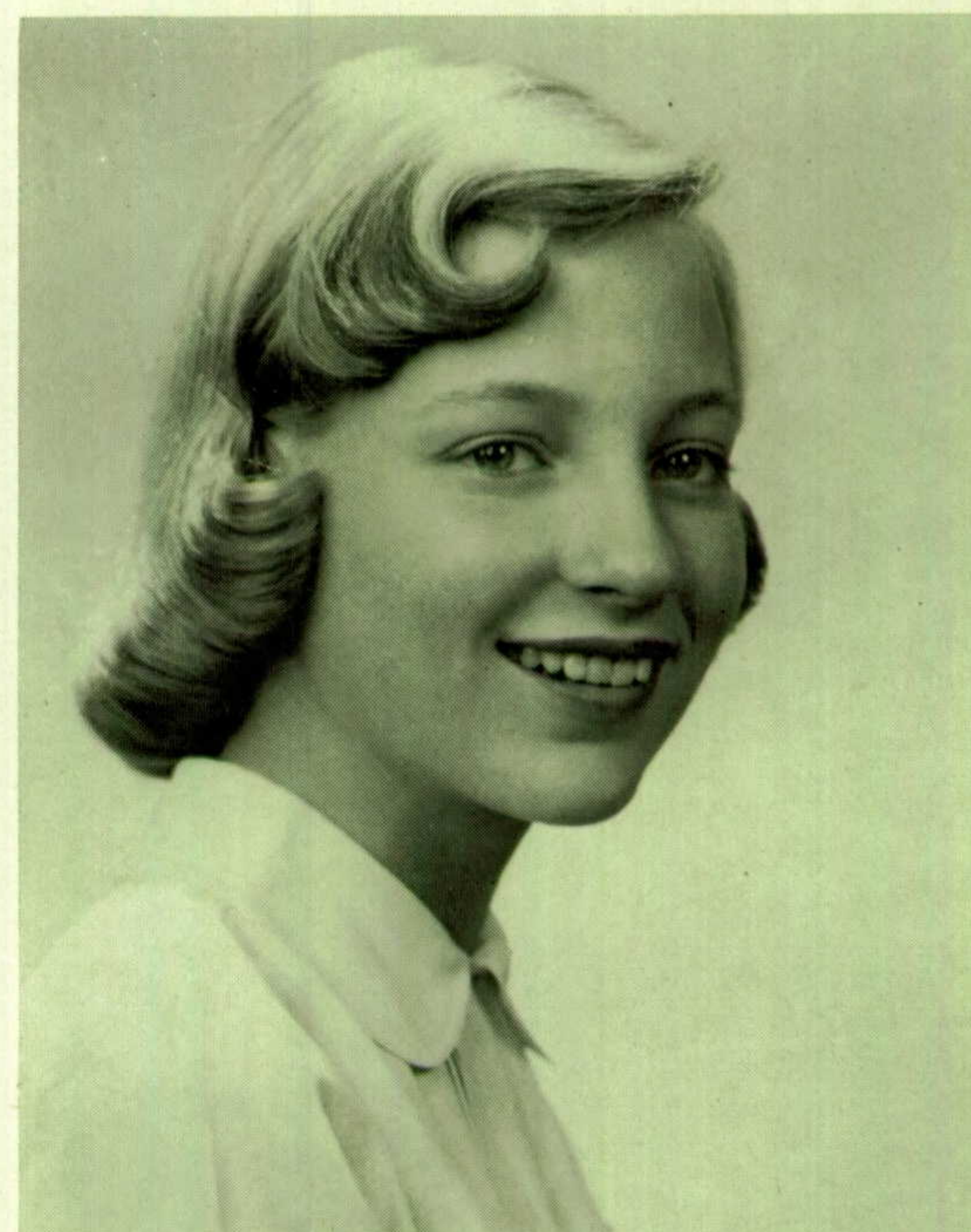
Old Westbury, Long Island

"We'll go by seeming 'til we have the proof."



LEE GONZALEZ
 "Bird"
 Hillside Drive
 Greenwich, Connecticut

"What is this clown's whim?"



MARY TYSON GOODRIDGE
 "Ty-Ty"
 Province Line Road
 Princeton, New Jersey

"I am a woman of logic in my way."

ALIX NORMA HEGELER
 "Hegs"
 "Alouette"
 Smithtown Branch
 Long Island, New York

"An oyster is a blob of glup, but a woman is
 a woman."

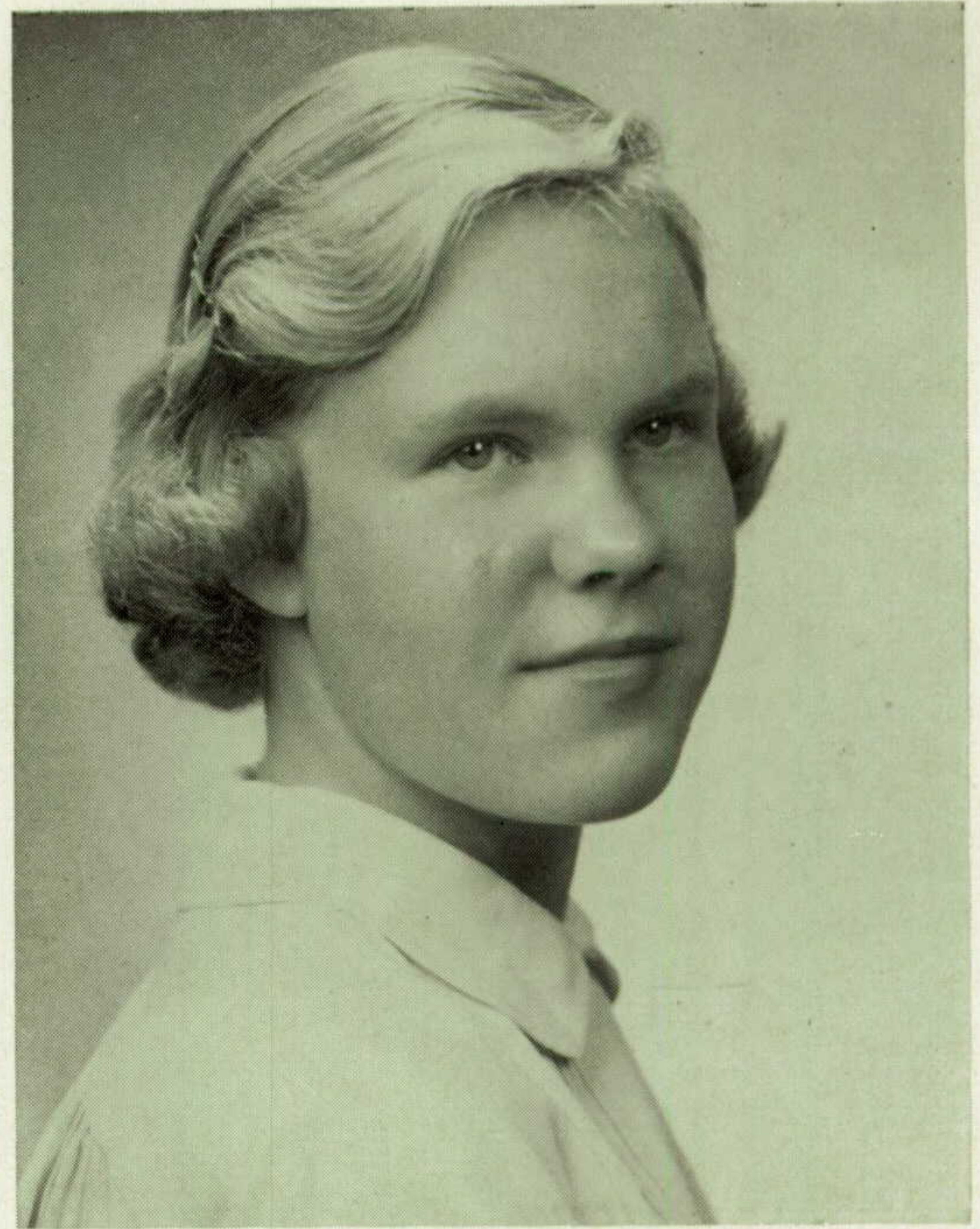


CARLA HIGBIE
Oxford, Michigan
3793 Delano Road

"It is a sound rule to avoid self-expression."

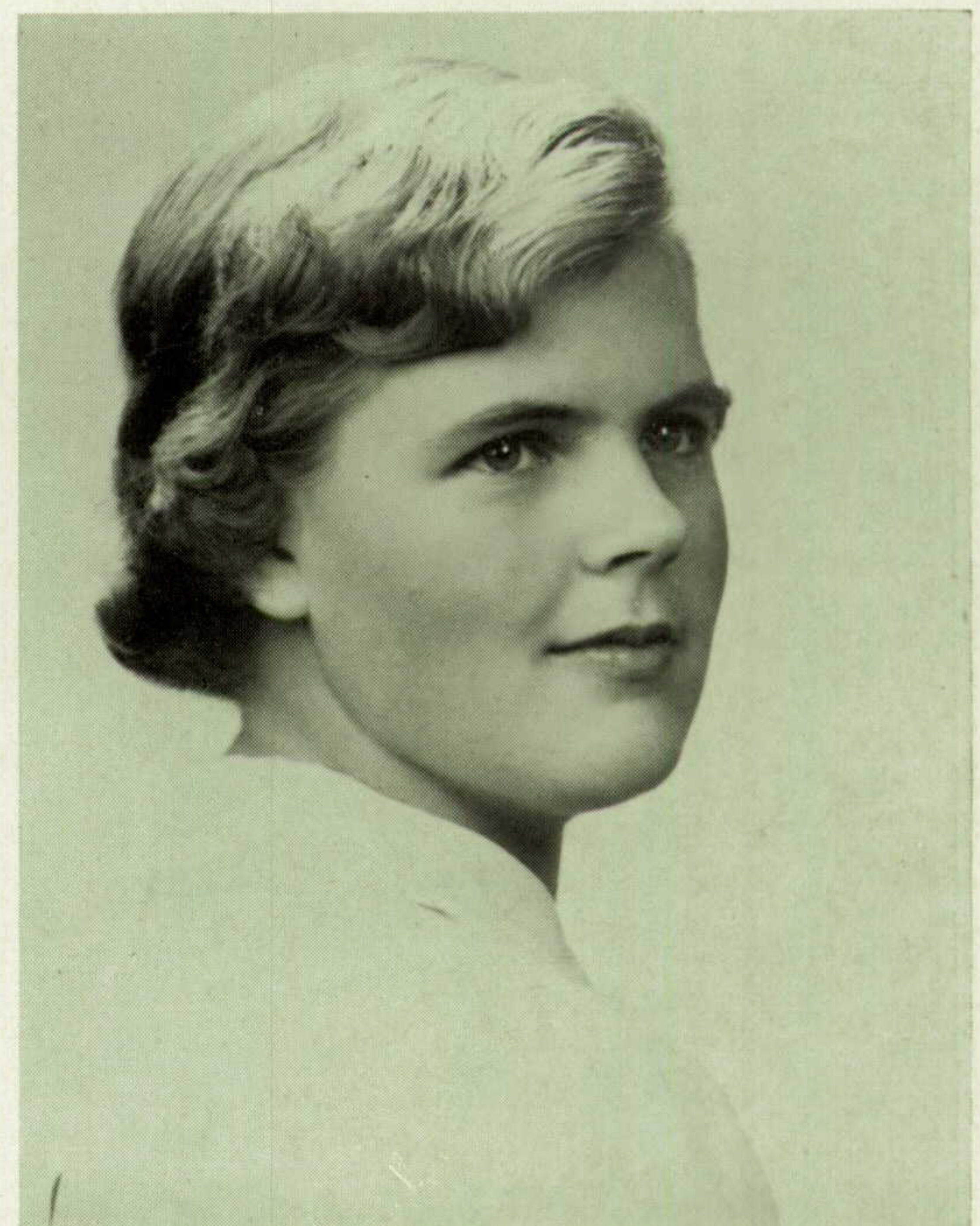
PATRICIA DALE HORNE
"Pat", "Poodle"
15 Meritoria Drive
East Williston, Long Island

"I don't know what it is, but it's the only one
there ever was."



PRUDENCE SCHUYLER HERZOG
"Prudy"
Clapboard Ridge Road
Greenwich, Connecticut

"She is a droll and gentle fellow."





SARA JEAN HUTCHINGS
 "Sary", "Sa"
 South Batavia Avenue
 Geneva, Illinois

"She wears serenity brightly like a rainbow."



JOAN KELLEY
 "Pony", "Kelley"
 Richmond, Massachusetts

"I have no time or mind for sophistries and riddles."

SHEILA KERLIN
 "She", "Sheil"
 2121 East 41st Street
 Tulsa, Oklahoma

"I make mistakes, but I am on the side of good."



DIANE BRIGITTE DENISE LEROY

"Lee-Roy"

Witchwood

Edgartown, Massachusetts

"Perhaps the most mysterious of creatures."

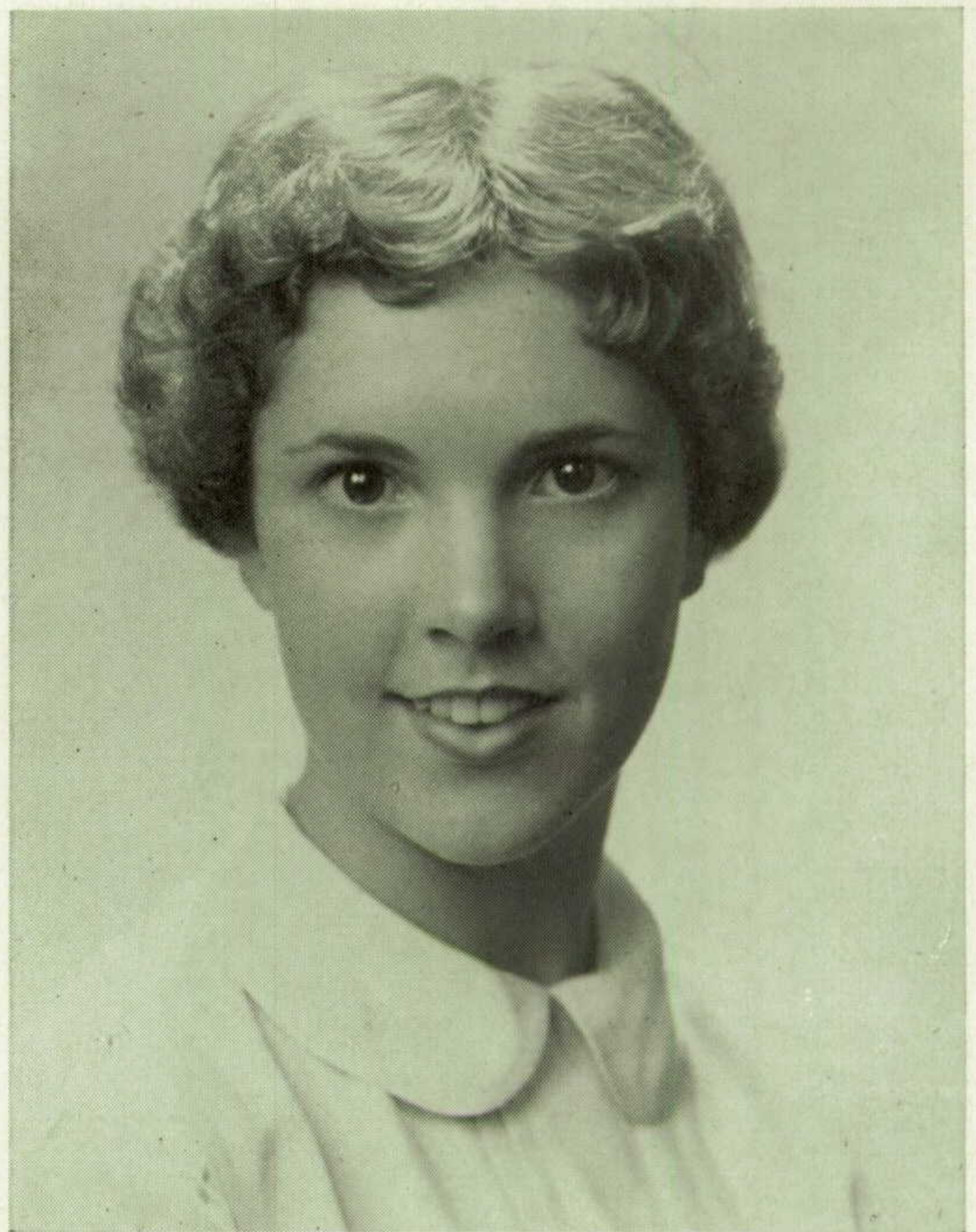
BARBARA McDONNELL LEWIS

"Barbie"

1515 Wightman Street

Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania

"If you live as humans do, it will be the end of you."



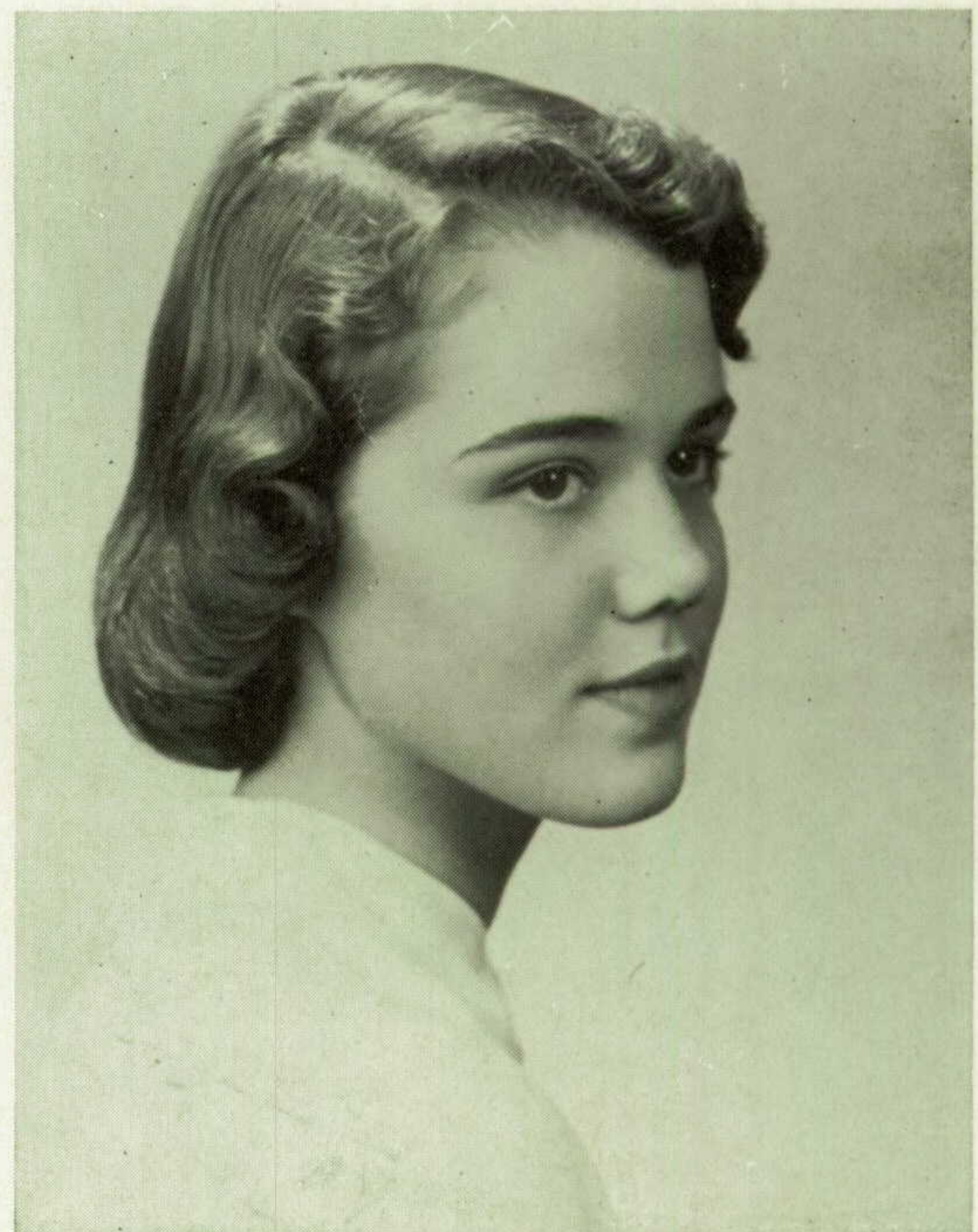
MARGARET ADAMS LAWRENCE

"Margo"

401 East 44th Street

Savannah, Georgia

"Early to rise and early to bed makes a man healthy, wealthy and dead."





WESTON SCOTT LINN
 "Westy", "George"
 506 Indiana Avenue
 Saint Charles, Illinois

"I had high hopes of being evil when I was two."



ALEXANDRA JUNE LUKIN
 "Alex", "Luke"
 1070 Park Avenue
 New York City, New York

"A woman neither dead nor dying."



JANE MOYER LOWRY
 Wayzata 5, Minnesota

"I am caught somewhere between the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow."



GRETCHEN McCARGO
 "Gretch"
 1001 Highmont Road
 Pittsburgh 32, Pennsylvania

"Time is for dragonflies and angels."

MARY-DONNA MILLER
 "Donna"
 Starr Ridge Farm
 Brewster, New York

"It is better to ask some questions than to know
 all the answers."



PATRICIA ANN MANLEY
 "Patsy"
 105 North Broad Street
 Norwich, New York

"All nice and neat, and normal."





BONNIE MOORE
East Avenue
Westerly, Rhode Island

"Let us not be taken in by false shapes and semblances."



SARAH KATE O'HARA
"Sal", "Sally"
333 Johnson Avenue
Englewood, New Jersey

"There is nothing in life to be sure about."



BARBARA DeWOLF NIGHTINGALE
"Bonnie", "Bon"
111 Blackstone Boulevard
Providence, Rhode Island

"I have established my own rules for humor."



KITTY CHAPIN RILEY
 "K. C.", "Riley"
 4615 Livingston Avenue
 Riverdale, New York

"Her nights are spent in evil dreams, and her days are given to wicked schemes."

BARBARA ROBBINS
 "Bobbie", "Bobs"
 Gross River Road
 Bedford, New York

"We have always considered her rather amazing."



JOYCE SANDRA PENZINER
 750 Kappock Street
 Riverdale, New York

"She has a magic touch, the little woman."





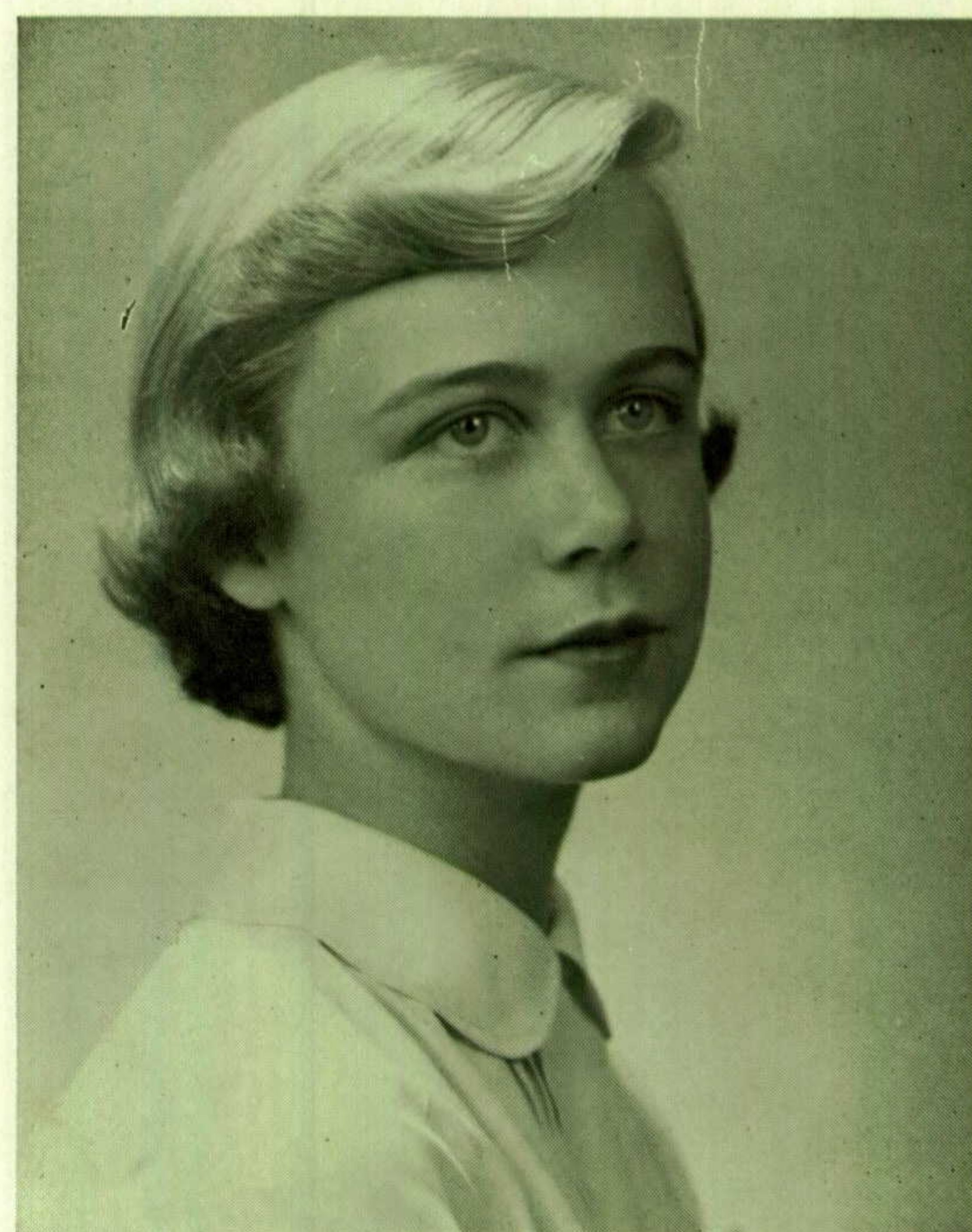
CORNELIA CUMMER ROE
 "Connie", "Con"
 Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida

"I seldom know what should be from what is."



DEBORAH ELLEN WASHBURN
 "Debby"
 112 Spadina Parkway
 Pittsfield, Massachusetts

"She has a memory of trees and fields and a
 memory of nothing more."



ELIZABETH CARY ROWLAND
 "Betsy", "Bets"
 Pheasant Lane
 Greenwich, Connecticut

"I have made a life-long study of the self-
 styled higher animal."



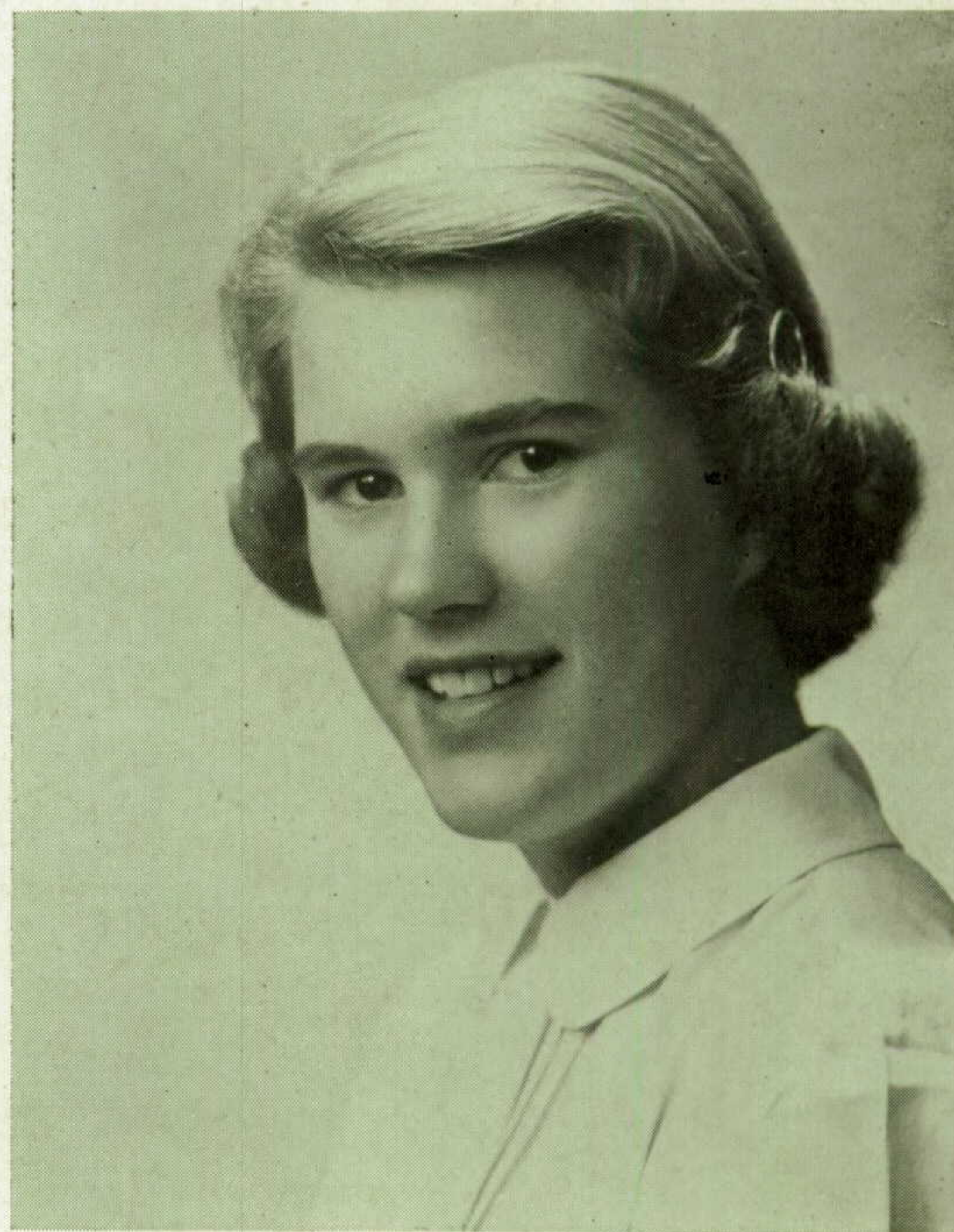
MARGARET ANN WEBB
 "Maggie"
 Flagler Drive
 Greenwich, Connecticut

"I have a special wariness of people who write."



CATHERINE MARIE WATJEN
 "Kitty"
 Brookridge Drive
 Greenwich, Connecticut

"She is warm on every wind and weather."



KATRINA FARNHAM WINDISCH
 "Kathy", "Kath"
 Dingletown Road
 Greenwich, Connecticut

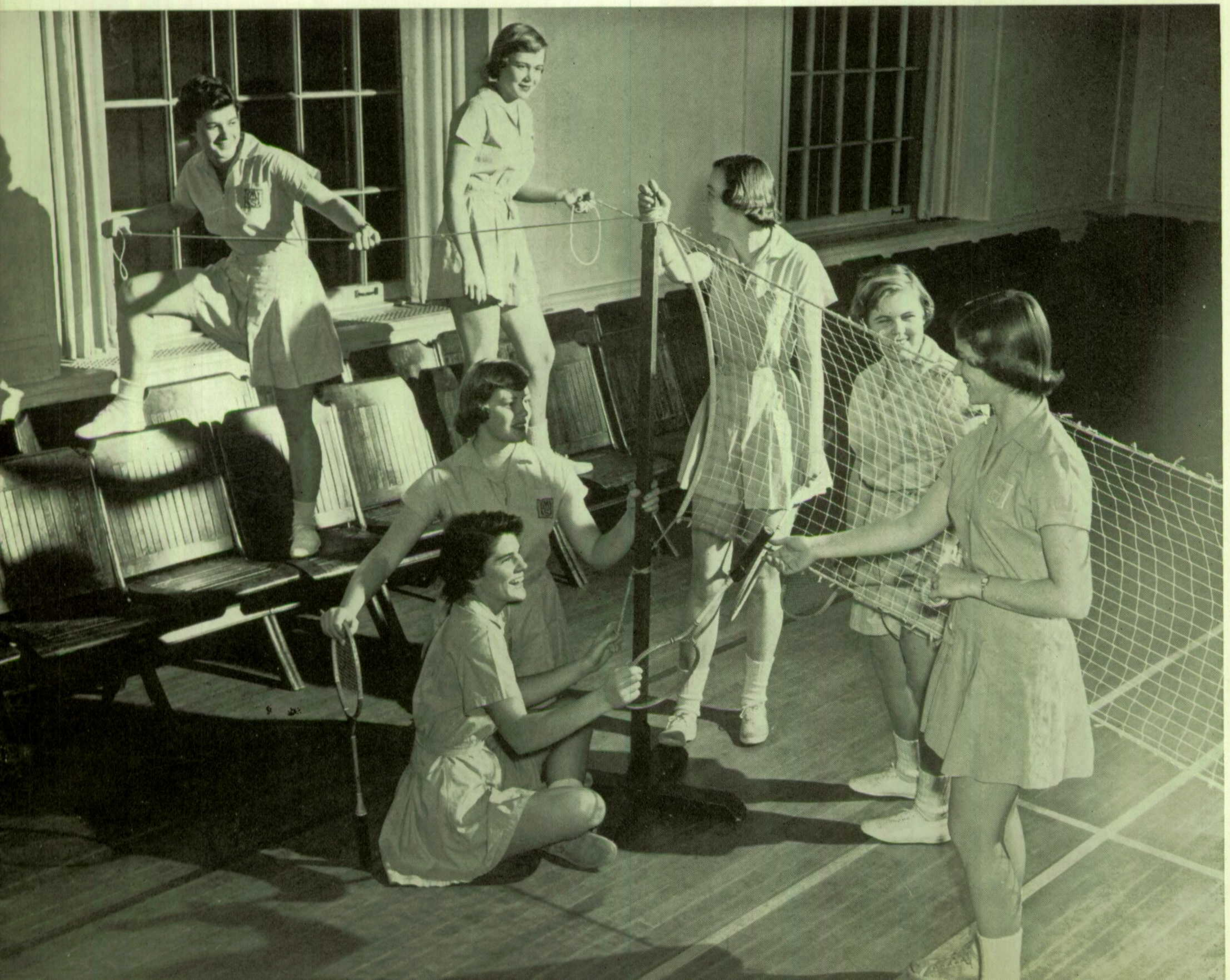
"I manage in my fashion."

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CLUBS

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Clockwise: Joan Kelley, Suzanne Dow, Holly Howard, Betsy Rowland, Nancy Kurlbaum, Patricia Horne, Patricia Manley (President).





THE FRENCH CLUB

Front Row, left to right: Deborah Washburn, Charlotte Attride, Bonnie Bemiss, Ellen Purdy. Second Row: Kathleen Boissevain, Wilhelmina Dommerich, Sarah O'Hara, Ann Lauer, Kitty Riley, Joan Kelley, Margaret Webb, Joan Baldwin (President), Donna Miller, Mimi Brooks. Missing: Catherine Watjen.



THE COMMUNITY SERVICE

Front Row, left to right: Ellen Purdy, Weston Linn, Sheila Scranton, Dail Cameron (Chairman).

THE CHAMBER SINGERS

Front Row, left to right: Ellen Holmes, Betty-Lou Campbell, Holly Fall, Carolyn Richmond, Joan Baldwin, Priscilla Brown, Pattie Martin, Alexandra Lukin, Miss McCreath.



THE GLEE CLUB

Right of the piano: Sara Hutchings (President).





THE CHAPEL CHOIR

Front Row, left to right: At Piano: Marjorie Crane, Linda Gordon (**President**), Helen McCook, Anne Waterman, Virginia Penn, Wendy Bross, Nancy Brown, Wendy Vanderbilt, Charlotte Attride, Bonnie Campbell. **Second Row:** Constance Calhoun, Mary Gwathmey, Ann Goodrich, Martha Murphy, Clare Chester, Nancy Kurlbaum, Nancy Spohn, Dorothy Bisacca, Bonnie Moore.



THE CHORALE

Front Row, left to right: Betsy Kimberly, Holly Fall, Virginia Hebb, Carla Higbie. **Second Row:** Sandra Roe, Suzanne Dow, Carolyn Stanton. **Third Row:** Elizabeth Buckley, Ann Lauer, Sarah O'Hara (**President**). **Fourth Row:** Margaret Webb, Mary Fortmiller. **Fifth Row:** Joan Abernethy, Deborah Coward, Cornelia Roe. **Missing:** Patricia Horne.



THE ART CLUB

Katherine Austin (President).



THE RUMOR BOARD

Front Row, left to right: Carolyn Richmond, Wendy Vanderbilt, Carole Cristiano, Pattie Martin (Co-editor). Second Row: Patricia Murray, Keyburn Hollister, Pamela Miller, Carol Coonley, Diane Leroy, Carlys Bowden, Nancy Spohn, Kit Tobin, June Schomp. Missing: Susan Whittlesey (Co-editor).

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Front Row, left to right: Marjorie Crane, Kathleen Boissevain, Betsy Kimberly, Sheila Scranton, Wilhelmina Dommerich, Barbara Robbins (**President**), Patricia Murray, Mimi Brooks. **Missing:** Catherine Watjen, Susan Whittlesey.



THE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

Front Row, left to right: Constance Calhoun, Kathleen Boissevain, Cornelia Roe, Diane Leroy, Barbara Robertson, Donna Miller (**President**), Katherine Austin, Wilhelmina Dommerich. **Second Row:** Betty-Lou Campbell, Jane Lowry, Bonnie Moore, Sheila Kerlin, Sheila Scranton, Suzanne Dow, Weston Linn, Joyce Penziner, Carole Cristiano. **Missing:** Susan Whittlesey, Lindsay Barker.



A COLD FLOOR AND A BRIGHT LIGHT

TO THINK OF MOVEMENT AND NEVER ENDING DEPTHS—

A LIGHT SHAFT STRETCHED ACROSS THE ROAD AND FORMLESS CREATURES
BECKONING ME. . . .

LINE, PATTERN, AND DESIGN— WHAT IS BEYOND THE HORIZON ON
THIS FLAT SURFACE?
MISTS OF SHIFTING THOUGHT VEIL MY BRAIN.
TROUBLE NOT WITH SERIOUS PRETENCES;
MAKE AN ANECDOTE FOR UNSATISFIED LONGING,
LEST I PUSH IT OFF WITH SOME CLEVER EXCUSE. . . .

WHAT AM I AMID THIS VOID?

THE LAUGHING SATYR THAT SHROUDS HIS CAPERS WITH DECEIT?

NO, THE DIRGE OF MELANCHOLY SINKS INTO MY SOUL
AND LEADENS THE BODY.

THE PAIN OF STUPIDITY BRANDS ME
AND SPILLS MY TEARS—
VAIN MONSTER ME.

WHAT IS GOD?

A TIMELESS QUESTION

AND A LONG CLOISTERED HALL FULL OF MANY DOORS. . . .
O HUNGRY SPARROWS, FEED YOURSELVES NOT ON GARBAGE
BUT COME WHERE POISON IS UNKNOWN,
WHERE THIRST IS QUENCHED,
AND THE LOST FOUND.
O CRITIC FISH OF IGNORANCE,
YOU HAVE NOT THE INSIGHT OF THE WORM,
A POOR SMALL CREATURE THAT MAKES THE VERY SOIL
WE GATHER STRENGTH FROM. . . .

THERE IS TRUTH,

BUT BANDS OF BLUE-SILVER HAVE BOUND MY FEET.

WHEN THE TIDE SWEEPS IN,
I SHALL BE FREE.

KATHERINE AUSTIN, 1955



NEVER UNDERESTIMATE

It seemed to Phoebe that every time she started the family car in the driveway, it stalled. When she restarted the obstinate little English Ford, it sputtered ahead so fast that it inevitably left the driveway bare and the lawn thick with gravel. This performance continued all summer until just a week before the annual gravel supply arrived. Then the problem was brought up before the Board,—that is, Phoebe's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ashburn; her grandmother; her younger sister; and her brother. The decision was unanimous. Instead of a man's being hired to rake the gravel, Phoebe should do it, simply because she had scraped the driveway bare by her own carelessness. In spite of her horrified "PLEASE!" and "I won't do it again!" the verdict remained unchanged.

On the fateful day Phoebe was awakened by what sounded like Niagara Falls outside her bedroom window.

"It's only the gravel men, dear," shouted her mother above the din.

During breakfast a small, round man clad in khaki trousers and Marlon Brando undershirt appeared in the door, already red-faced from the early morning heat, and announced, "Put the gravel in small piles on the place so's your man won't have no trouble puttin' it around. Sure is goin' to be a scorcher. 'Bye now."

Your MAN, thought Phoebe darkly as she eyed the ominous piles of gravel on the driveway.

"I'll be over at the pool this afternoon, dear. It's really much too hot for golf. Call me, if you need me, won't you?" announced Mrs. Ashburn, cool and smart in pale green linen, as she bent over for her daughter's obedient kiss. Phoebe gazed enviously from the window as her mother drove off in the low green convertible.

Slowly she finished her coffee, and slowly washed and put away her breakfast dishes. Not even bothering to read the society page of the morning paper, she put on her heaviest woolen clothes and her dirty sneakers. Might as well lose a little weight out of this deal, she thought glumly. Ten minutes later she emerged in the 98° heat attired in longies, sweat shirt, ski sweater, Andover scarf, and Brooks hat, under which were tucked rows of pin curls. I hope no one sees me doing this crude job, she thought miserably. Probably no one would recognize her anyway. But it was just the humiliation of it! At the dance at the country club tonight she could just imagine it. No one would dance with Phoebe—all covered with blisters. Grimly she grasped the hoe and began to rake. She could already feel the blisters forming on her hands and see herself the next morning bent like a paper-clip, with stiff muscles. Only a few minutes and several half-hearted hoe-ings later, she heard a car on the highway stopping and starting at intervals. Running to the gate she saw a large truck, labeled "Town of Bedford", with three men walking slowly behind, shoveling stones into the ditch along the side of the road. Poor men, thought Phoebe, working on such a hot day. MEN! she thought again with a mental double-take. Her sympathy vanishing, she turned suddenly and ran toward the house, the Andover scarf trailing behind, and a wonderful plan taking shape in her mind.

Not many minutes later a completely transformed Phoebe appeared in the Colonial doorway—a dainty, feminine figure crisply crinolined in lavender organdy, shod in high-heeled white linen shoes. Delicately perfumed, she stood fanning herself with a small Chinese fan, preparing for action. Walking carefully, she dragged her rake to the gate, and deliberately drew on her large yellow garden gloves. Standing where the workmen could not help noticing her, she proceeded to spread the gravel. The eyes of the good-looking young Italian bulged noticeably as he hastily began to pull on his "Joe's Bowling Alley" T-shirt.

"Hot enough for you, girlie?" he ventured affably.

"Yes, it is rather warm, isn't it?" she said, very softly, with a slight southern

accent that she had learned from her boarding school roommate. She patted her forehead with a delicate handkerchief.

"Your husband making you do this?" pursued the spokesman of the group.

Secretly flattered by his thinking that she was married, "No, my father says I must."

This topic of conversation being exhausted, the second of the group, a slight, buggy-whip of a man glanced around and said, "Nice place you got here. Think it's big enough?"

Unprepared for this one but recovering herself, Phoebe smiled. "It's really not as big as it looks from the outside. The rooms are just like postage stamps." The moment seemed now to have come to suggest graciously that perhaps they would like some nice cold tea. The third man, somewhat older, thought it a swell idea and the others nodded in thirsty agreement. Phoebe tripped off gracefully towards the house.

First refreshing herself with several squirts from an atomizer of Chanel No. 22, she got iced tea from the kitchen, and arranged a tray with individual doilies and small English tea biscuits. Tray in hand, ice clinking in crystal glasses, she set forth with the second part of her plan. The men, resting under the trees, leaped up, reached for the frosty glasses, and gratefully gulped down the cold tea. Phoebe, with her crinoline prettily encircling her as she sat on the grass, sipped her drink demurely and occasionally nibbled a tea biscuit.

"You go to school?" asked the young, good-looking one as he chomped on a cookie.

"Oh yes, I go away to school!" (too enthusiastically, she decided, for there was a definite silence).

"Aint the high school good enough for you?" snapped the buggy-whip.

Unruffled, Phoebe smiled sweetly, looked straight into his suspicious eyes, and drawled, "I'm a little slow, you see."

Now they beamed with masculine superiority and the conversation boomed along as they related to Phoebe stories of the Army, of labor troubles, and of women problems. Coolly enjoying herself, she almost forgot that she was not accomplishing her purpose. With a huge sigh Phoebe announced that she must be getting back to her work. Her brawny friends leaped to their feet. But of course they would rake the gravel for her.

"Heavens, no!" demurred Phoebe coyly but firmly. But little by little her resistance crumpled, in an endearing way—as she had so carefully planned. Complacently sitting under the trees, idly waving her Chinese fan, Phoebe watched them work. Occasionally she would trip into the kitchen and appear again with Coca-cola to replenish their glasses. The job was quickly finished, but before Mario Genivesi, Joe Marciano, and Tony Zambella returned to work for the Town of Bedford, they had exchanged with Phoebe vows of cordial friendship.

Phoebe changed her organdy for comfortable blue jeans, spread her beauty implements on a blanket in the shade, and sat down to await the return of her mother. The driveway was smooth and beautiful and glistening in the sun. When Mrs. Ashburn returned, Phoebe was industriously polishing her nails.

"Why, dar-ling, how marvelous! Did you do that dreamy job all by yourself—and so quickly?"

Phoebe smiled sweetly. "You know, if I really make up my mind to it, I can do almost anything". And she went right on polishing her nails.

Dail Cameron, 1955

NEW YORK CAB DRIVERS

Cab drivers compose an important part of New York City's population. They will never fail to intrigue and amuse me. Sometimes they annoy and other times they fascinate me. But I always wonder about them — why they have chosen their profession, and if they are happy. One day about three years ago, I hailed a cab in front of my house. I was irritable, tired, and late for my piano lesson, to which I had no desire to go in the first place. A cab drove up, and as I got in, the driver said in a cheerful tone of voice, "Good afternoon, Ma'am." It seemed rather strange to me that a taxi driver should be so civil. Living in New York, I had become hardened to their usual gruff nonchalance. I replied, with a rather surprised smile, "Good afternoon," and told him where I was going. The next thing I heard was a complete shock. "Would you like tea, coffee, or hot chocolate?" Who would expect to be offered liquid refreshment in a New York taxicab? Fortunately I remembered an article in the AMERICAN magazine which I had read a few months before. This must be the man, whose name—since I can't remember it—shall be Bill Brown. He had been written up in this magazine as the most courteous and considerate cab driver in the city. His refreshment system was considered a great nerve-soother.

I asked him, rather unbelievably, "Are you - THE ONE - in the AMERICAN?"

"Yup, I sure am," he replied, holding up a copy of the AMERICAN magazine opened to the page containing the article about him. He smiled, and repeated the question he had asked when I first got into his cab. Two minutes later, as I sat relaxedly enjoying a cup of hot coffee (with sugar and cream) which had been prepared on a Sterno can, I asked what had ever prompted him to start his hot drink service. He replied that he found that people liked, as he put it, "to relax in hacks, Ma'am, so why shouldn't they have a nice cup of coffee or such while they ride? Also, passengers like a genteel driver, so why shouldn't I be that way? Besides, it's so much easier to be nice than rude, Ma'am." Listening to what he did not say, as if reading between the lines, I gathered that he quite obviously had discovered that the nicer and more courteous he was, the larger his tips would be—an economically sound discovery. We talked for the remainder of the ride about various unimportant but pleasant matters, and when I got out, having—I might add—tipped him much more than usual, Bill said, "Good-bye, Ma'am. Have a nice day, and God bless you." That remark really restored my faith in human nature for the day. I have always wished I might ride with Bill Brown again, but I never have.

Another memorable experience I had with a cab driver occurred last Christmas vacation. On one of our many cab rides from my home to the Biltmore Hotel, my roommate and I realized that there was a melodic sound issuing from the front seat. As the tune sounded rather familiar, we asked the driver what he was singing. He turned around, his dark Puerto Rican face lit up by an immense grin, and answered,

"CONTIGO. You know eet?" I replied that I did as it was one of my brother's favorite songs, and asked him please to sing it to us. He did. By 72nd Street, we realized that we had a "one-in-a-million" driver. By the time we reached the Biltmore, we had learned that his name was Adrian, that he sang, played the guitar, and was one third of a "Spanish treeo, which, I mean—we seeng avery Wednesday night on the radeeo." We had somehow acquired a small, rather grimy card with his name and telephone number on it, "een case you 'ave a party and want a treeo, or a seenger!" I still have the card. Who knows, some day I may find that I need a "treeo, or a seenger." Since it was then two days before Christmas, and my roommate and I were in a singularly happy frame of mind, we tipped him one dollar and fifteen cents and went tripping off to the Palm Court with CONTIGO ringing in our ears.

Then there was "Maxie the Taxi". This amazing specimen of cab driverhood was on the verge of suing Eddie Cantor. I was alone on this trip, which was fifty blocks long. It seemed that the driver had once written a book about the strange experiences he had had with various passengers he had driven. Eddie Cantor had "stolen" his material to use for "Maxie the Taxi", a story which was told in children's books and on records, and which has netted him thousands of dollars. For many blocks I heard about the speeches that my driver had made in front of two thousand people at a big hotel, about how he "had a right to his royalties" from Mr. Cantor, and about his plans to sue that actor. With the money he planned to collect, he was going to leave his native habitat of Brooklyn and go to Europe on the QUEEN ELIZABETH.

These are just three examples of cab drivers whom I remember. There was also the one who had recently come within about four minutes of having a baby born in his cab, the fatherly one who convinced me that I should have a milkshake rather than a cigarette, the tough female driver with dyed red hair, and the softly-spoken man with the big black moustache who told me about his youth in White Russia before the Revolution. Most drivers have a tendency to seem shy, sullen, or rude. I have found that in order to have a fairly scintillating ride, one must draw the driver out of his shell. And one may then discover that New York "cabbies" are often more interesting and amusing than the average person one meets every day!

Alexandra Lukin, 1955

THE BONFIRE

Crackling bright on the stones
Of the beach,
Stretching tendrils
Of strong young flames,
The fire treads air, alert.
People fading
In and out of range
Stumble to arrange themselves
In the dark shadow
Of the blaze.
Bushes crouch and wait
Under trees,
Whose valentine lace
Outlines
Decorate the solid sky.
Sounds of
Plinking guitar
And mellow voices,
Of the secret slap of water
Massaging
Rocks and hard sand.
The swelling glow
Of the enchanted circle
Reaches out
To black infinity.

Jane Lowry, 1955

THE RED RING

Billy had buck teeth and a crew cut. His feet were too long for the rest of him, and he was shy. But at the age of seven he was one of the sweetest boys I have ever known. It was during the war and there were about four families living in a little valley cut off from the road. The houses were connected by small lanes, and there were shady gardens and, at the bottom of the valley, a huge ravine with a wooden bridge over it. It was our world, and the war seemed very far away. Our bungalow was built into a hill which had been terraced into a garden of different levels. Into this garden you could walk through the French doors on that side of the house. In the first spring days we used to have lunch on the wisteria terrace, from which we could see all the little houses below in the valley. The sun made pale, warm patterns on the old flagstones, and every day we watched a family of cardinals in a nest in the vines. In the evening we could see fireflies in the silent darkness and smell the rich cool loam in the garden.

The first time I played with Billy was in April. The crocuses were up and everything smelled damp and springlike. My brother and I were hiding behind a bank watching him play by his house with the most beautiful little blue stove I had ever seen. We watched his intent face with a sort of hatred, and the more we watched the more we wanted the stove. My brother picked up a rock and threw it at him. With the thoughtless cruelty of children we continued to throw stones until Billy ran into the house weeping. Scrambling up the bank, we snatched the little stove and flew back across the ravine. We hid the treasure in our secret hideout and hoarded it for days. But then one morning when my father was working in the garden, he called us to him and told us reprovingly that we must return the stove that we had taken. How did he know? We looked at him with eyes round in amazement. It seemed illogical for us to have to return it, like a defeat of our superior intelligence, but after an hour of procrastination we went sheepishly back across the ravine with our treasure. Billy looked at us with grave, hazel eyes when we silently handed him his stove. Then his face broke into a shy smile and he asked us into his house. I remember the little blue and yellow flowers on the kitchen oilcloth, and the fizzy gingerale and butter cookies. When the cow bell sounded across the hill calling us home to dinner, Billy smiled at me, his eyes crinkling at the corners, and said, "Here, this is for you," as he put the little blue stove into my arms. From that day Billy Stuart was our friend.

It was the beginning of a friendship that was part of one of the most precious years of my childhood. In the winter Billy and I used to go sledding on the top of an old table. Holding each other very tightly we would go spinning down the icy hill like a top. One grey afternoon we settled down on an upside-down card-table to take a trip to the Yukon. Billy tucked me in with blankets and comic books, and we started down the longest route we could find. But we forgot that a card-table could move so fast on an icy crust, and in no time at all we were tangled up in a white, furry heap at the bottom of the ravine, comic books and card-table legs strewn everywhere. After that very short trip we gave up the Yukon.

I remember Billy's house. I can still see the front hall and the grandfather clock with the blue-glazed half-moons. I can still smell the hot milk and the waxed floors. Because Mrs. Stuart was terrified of illness, the house always had a hot, oppressive air about it as if someone were very sick upstairs. That March Billy did become ill and they took him away to the hospital. When he was gone, I used to play with a little girl named Flossy Morison—and almost forgot Billy. But when spring came, they brought him home. I remember when I saw his window open for the first time, that I ran "lickety-split" down the hill with tears streaming down my face

because I knew that he was home. Every day that April I used to go to see him and bring him odd things from the ravine because he was lonely and could not go out.

And then my parents told me that we were moving away. Somebody was going to buy the house. I could not cry. I could not even speak. Didn't they see that they were taking away my whole world? I went down to the ravine and sat for a long time hunched up on a flat rock beneath the bridge. I remember the fungus and the pale ferns along the bank, and the moss hanging from the eaves of the bridge. My face wavered in the rippling water. When I heard someone scrambling down the ravine, I knew it was Billy. Without a word he climbed onto the rock opposite me. "Alix," he said, "I know that you are going away. And I thought—well, you know, I kind of wanted—er—to give you this. Here!" The last words came out with a rush. And very carefully he put a little red plastic chicken ring on my finger, and looking at my dirty hand, added, "I want you to marry me."

So Billy and I were married. My aunt invited us to her house in Rosemont which was very grand and impressive. My mother gave me a white satin slip and her own wedding veil. Bryan, my cousin, with a flower in his button-hole, gave me away. Flossy Morison and her little sister were bridesmaids. Their mother gave us a little cake and a whole case of ginger-ale—for champagne. My brother was the minister in a cassock made of my cousin Harold's black airplane target. A friend of Bryan's was supposed to play the organ (an accordion) but, because he wanted to go to the movies, he was very uncooperative, and squeaked the "organ" loudly behind the curtain. Finally intrigued by popping the corks in the bottles, he sprayed ginger-ale all over my aunt's rug. When everyone laughed, the service was thrown into momentary confusion. I was so angry that I hit the horrid boy with my satin slipper. Except for that flaw it was a beautiful wedding.

The next afternoon Billy and I went on a two-hour honeymoon. We followed the ravine stream until we came out in a little clearing by a spring. It was one of those gentle April days. The water looked dappled in the bright sun. The grass was new and soft, and sandy-smelling rocks protected us from the wind. If you squinted your eyes, you could see on the opposite bank yellow butter-cups and Queen Anne's lace rioting in the skipping wind. We leaned against the rock and ate the delicious lunch which had been packed in my plastic tea set. The little ring looked bright on my finger—round and perfect.

Then we moved away and Billy and I grew up. And we put away those days of our childhood.

One day in December about ten years later I ran into him on Market Street in Philadelphia. He was handsome and tall as he stood there looking down at me. It seemed like a happening in a second-rate novel except that there was no excited tingle running down my back, just a whiff of surprise and a warm feeling. That is all there was to it. If he had been staying in Philadelphia longer, we might have met again, but he was on his way to Canada. As I went home that day, I thought about the tall boy, the erect figure, the odd eyebrows that met over the bridge of his nose, and the deep voice. I wondered if I could ever again be attracted to this stranger who had been so much a part of my childhood. A few weeks later when I was cleaning out my jewelry case, I came upon a small white box tucked away in the back. I opened it and there was the little red ring. Amused, I put it on my finger for a moment, then dropped it into the wastebasket.

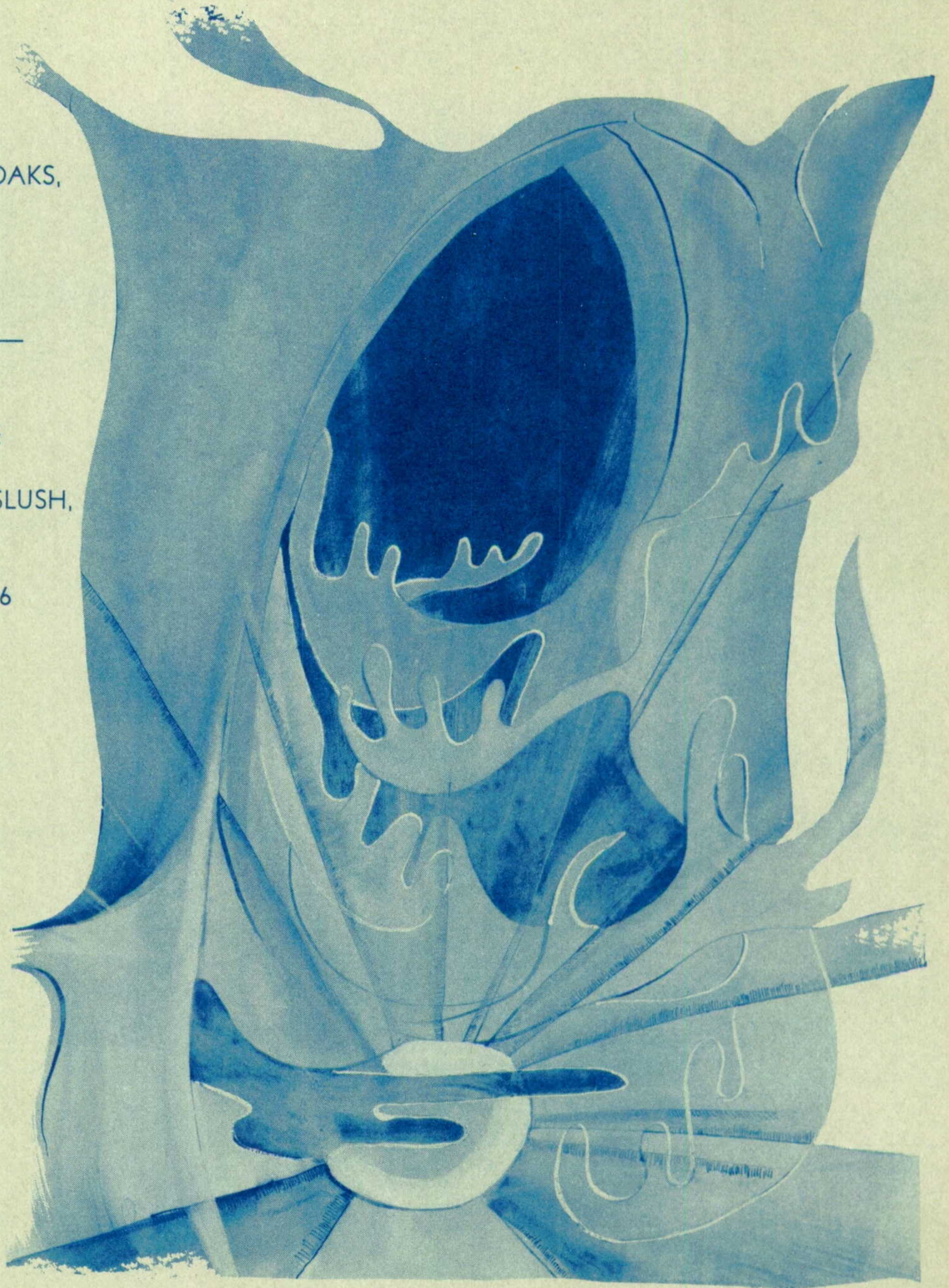
The following summer I read in a newspaper that he had been one of three persons killed in an automobile accident in Canada. The printed page blurred fuzzily. I saw the broad shoulders and the handsome face as he stood looking down at me on the windy street. Then the street turned to a field of yellow butter-cups, and the the ring on my finger was first a red plastic ring and then a diamond ring—and then no ring at all. I heard it tinkle as it fell.

Alix Hegeler, 1955

RIDE IN THE MIST

MUDDIED HOOF BEATS . . .
RAIN-BLACKENED BOLES OF PIN OAKS,
WAITING IN THE MOCKING MIST,
SEEM LIKE REARING COBRAS
WITH MALEVOLENT INTENTIONS
TO MY COMPANION.
UNDER MY SADDLE SHE FALTERS —
THEN RESUMES HER STRIDE.
SOUNDS OF STRAINING LEATHER
HIT THE WALLS OF DAMP SILENCE
AND REBOUND.
STEAM RISES FROM A POND OF SLUSH,
LOSING ITSELF IN THE GREY MIST,
LOSING US IN THE GREY MIST.

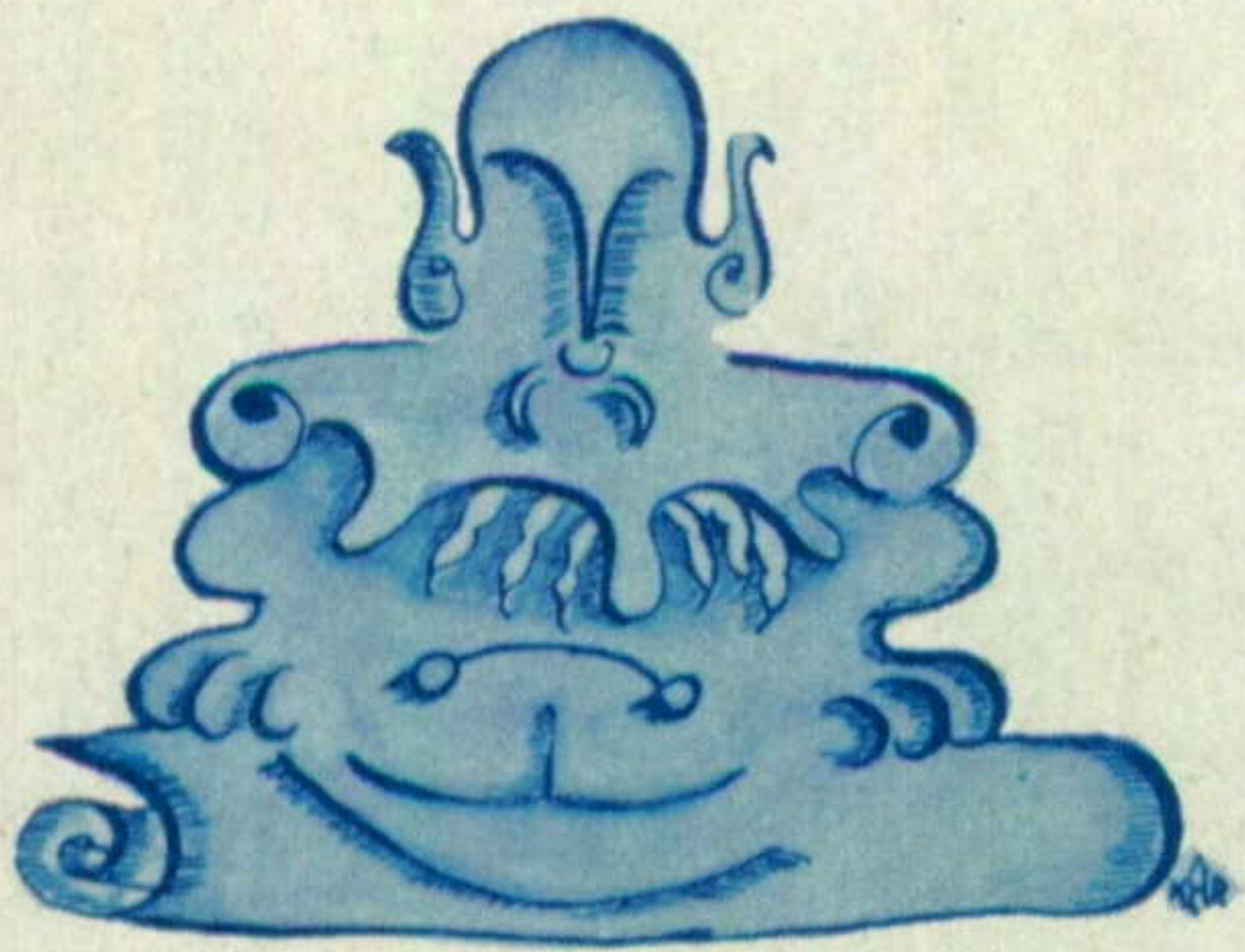
ANN LAUER, 1956



BALLET

THOUSANDS OF TINY LEAVES, PLATED IN GOLD,
PUPPET BALLERINAS OF THE VANISHING SUN,
DANCED TO THE TUNE OF A BRISK AUTUMN BREEZE,
AGAINST A BACK DROP OF STEEL-GREY CLOUDS.
THE SILVERY BIRCHES
REFLECTED ON THEIR POLISHED LIMBS
THE SOMBER SHADOWS OF THE WOODS.
LYING IN THE MEADOW IN THE DRY WEEDS AND CRAB-GRASS,
I GAZED AT THE CRISP BEAUTY OF THIS TERRACED PERFORMANCE
AND ENTRANCED, FORGOT THE APPROACHING STORM.

CAROLYN RICHMOND, 1956



LOST PARADISE

THE TORRID SUN SPREADS FIERY HEAT
OVER THE BURNISHED SANDS.
THE AIR HANGS HEAVY AND STAGNANT.
PALE, RAG-THREADED TUMBLEWEED STAYS MOTIONLESS.
A PAIR OF GREEN, CALLOUSED, DEVIL-HORNED TOADS
SLITHER GLEEFULLY OVER THE SAND, LOVING THE HEAT,
LOVING THE FURNACE-HEAT OF THE DESERT.
BLACK-SMOKED CLOUDS HOVER OVER THE LAND.
A WIND SUDDENLY STIRS, RUSTLES THROUGH THE TUMBLEWEED,
AND SWOOPS UP THE SAND.
GIANT RAIN-DROPS PLOP ANGRILY.
THE PAIR OF GREEN, CALLOUSED, DEVIL-HORNED TOADS
HURRY FOR SHELTER.
FROM UNDER A STONE BEADED EYES BLINK AND PEER,
LOOKING FOR THEIR LOST PARADISE.

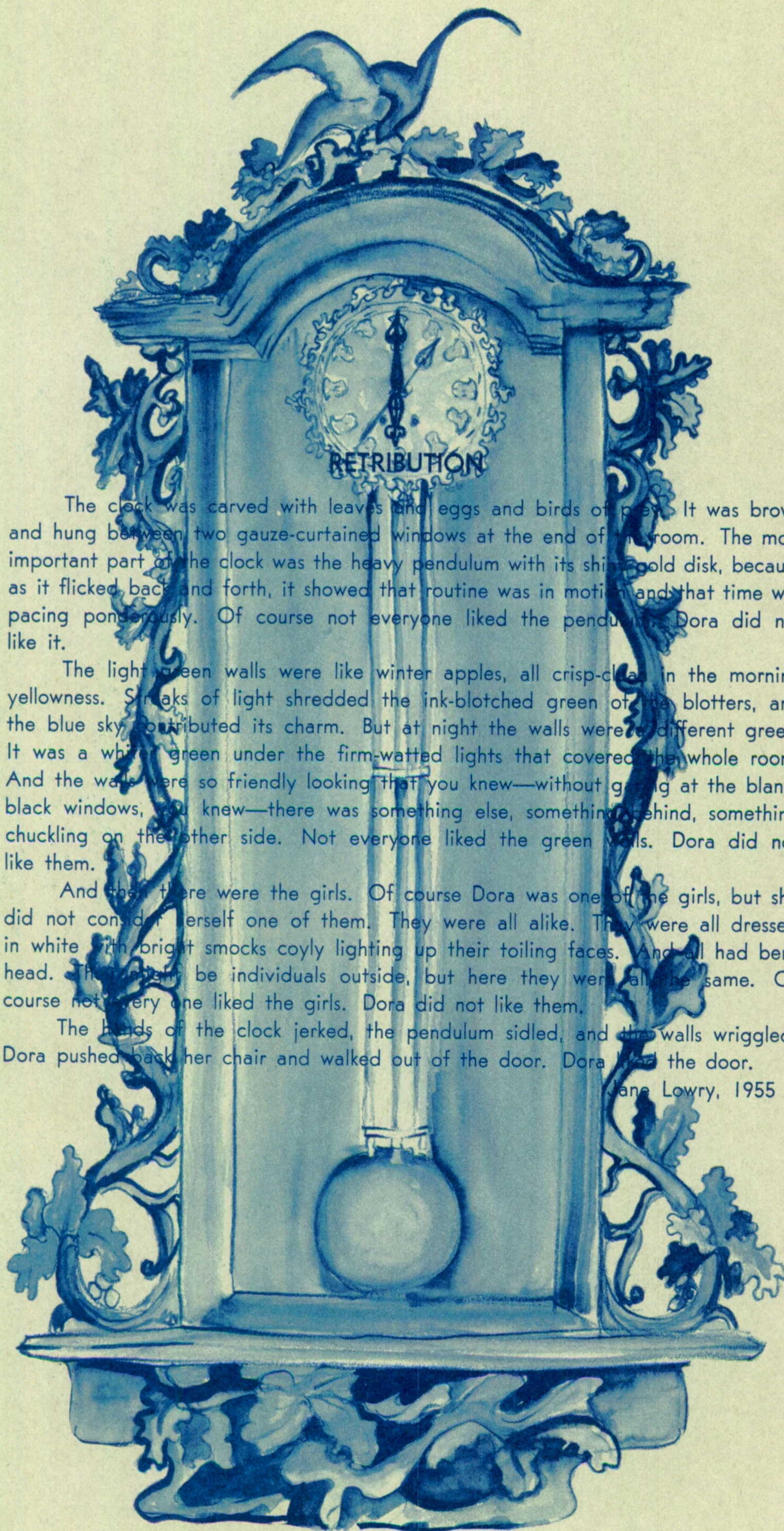
NANCY SPOHN, 1956

VALENTINE CANDY

RICH-CRIMSON BOX ABOUNDING IN DELIGHTS
OF CHOCOLATE SPLENDOR,
SCARLET RIBBONS ON A HEART-SHAPED SHELL, —
DAINTY, PERT, PRETTY.
CLUMSY FINGERS GROPE HUNGRILY
IN THE HEART'S DEPTHS
AS FRAGILE BONBONS OF AFFECTION
EVADE THEIR FRUSTRATED CLUTCHINGS.

MIMI BROOKS, 1956





The clock was carved with leaves and eggs and birds of prey. It was brown and hung between two gauze-curtained windows at the end of the room. The most important part of the clock was the heavy pendulum with its shiny gold disk, because as it flicked back and forth, it showed that routine was in motion and that time was pacing ponderously. Of course not everyone liked the pendulum. Dora did not like it.

The light green walls were like winter apples, all crisp-clear in the morning yellowness. Streaks of light shredded the ink-blotched green of the blotters, and the blue sky contributed its charm. But at night the walls were a different green. It was a whiter green under the firm-wattled lights that covered the whole room. And the walls were so friendly looking that you knew—without going at the bland, black windows, you knew—there was something else, something behind, something chuckling on the other side. Not everyone liked the green walls. Dora did not like them.

And then there were the girls. Of course Dora was one of the girls, but she did not consider herself one of them. They were all alike. They were all dressed in white with bright smocks coily lighting up their toiling faces. And all had bent head. They might be individuals outside, but here they were all the same. Of course not every one liked the girls. Dora did not like them.

The hands of the clock jerked, the pendulum sidled, and the walls wriggled. Dora pushed back her chair and walked out of the door. Dora ~~had~~ the door.

Jane Lowry, 1955

CHRISTMAS SORTILEGE

I WALK DOWN
AN EMERALD AVENUE
WHERE SEQUINS SPARKLE OVERHEAD
AND SHREDDED SILVER LACE
SIFTS FROM A SOFT BLACK VELVET SKY.
I SEE MY OWN REFLECTION AGAINST
A BACKGROUND OF PEARLS AND DIAMONDS
LOUNGING LAZILY
ON FOLDS OF SATIN,
MINK AND SILKY SABLE,
GLEAMING GOLD, AND CORAL CASHMERE
AND LAPIS LAZULI.
I JOIN THE SHUFFLING RUSH
OF HURRYING SHOPPERS —
ARMS HUGGING HEAVY LOADS
WRAPPED CYLINDERS
AND CUBES OF PYRAMIDS.
TIRED STRANGERS TIP THEIR HATS
AND SMILE AND GREET EACH OTHER
AND HOLD DOORS AND DROP COINS
FOR STREET-CORNER SANTAS.
A CRIPPLE LIMPS BY
SINGING **HOLY NIGHT** —
HOLY NIGHT —
I SEE A GREY DONKEY AND A KNEELING SHEPHERD
A CRADLE BED OF HAY
AND A YOUNG CHILD SLEEPING —
ABOVE HIS HEAD A GOLDEN MIST
AND A SWEET MADONNA FACE
FRAMED IN SOFT FOLDS OF BLUE,
AND THEN AN ANGEL WITH WHITE WINGS,
AND FAR ABOVE THE MANGER'S HUSH
THE BIGGEST AND THE BRIGHTEST STAR
THAT EVER ON THE WORLD HAS SHONE.

SUSAN WHITTLESEY, 1956



I was not thinking of the rendez-vous as I drove along the moon-lit road that night. I was thinking about Mexie and Doc Andrews. On that night was to be the first coon hunt of the season, and also the first time that Doc would be seeing Mexie in action. Whether or not we treed any coons really made no difference to me as long as Doc could see my little hound trailing a scent through the woods. He would like Mexie—perhaps even praise her. Any good hunter could see that she was deserving of praise, and Doc was a good hunter. At least that was what my next-door neighbor had said. All the older men were glad that Doc had chosen our town as the place for his retirement, and even after only eight months he had impressed all of us, old and young alike, with his knowledge of the woods, of guns, and of dogs. That was why I was so anxious to show him Mexie. My dad had often said that Mexie was the best little blue-tick hound that ever lived. I had just been starting first grade when Dad brought her home and started training her. She had learned quickly, bringing in at least one coon from every hunt when Dad let her run. After Dad died, I ran her whenever I was home, but we always missed the coon season while I was away at school. Now, for the first time in four years, we would be out with other hunters and other dogs, the way a hound like Mexie ought to be.

I turned off the road into a small clearing, stopped the car, and let Mexie out. She circled the car twice, nose to the ground, and then came back to me where I was removing my shotgun from its case. Her ears were perked and her tail excitedly thumped against my levis while she waited for me to lock the car. Whining, running off impatiently, then returning to me, she frolicked in the underbrush like a puppy playing with a toad. "Come on, Old Lady," I said, laughing at her, "not yet." She trotted over to me, pressed her cold, wet nose against my hand, and then ran ahead, looking back once in a while for some sign from me.

The night was clear, cool, and bright, a little too bright for a perfect hunt, but typical of mid-autumn nights. Already the great orange moon had risen above the tree-tops and paled. The ferns and pine needles on the ground, shining like new copper pennies, muffled the sound of my footsteps. A few leaves still clung to black branches, and clusters of dried oaks rattled in an occasional gentle breeze. Mexie was sniffing at the ground; I sniffed at the air. There was a fragrance of pine, a smell of a distant campfire, and a scent of approaching winter. The tip of my nose felt strangely cold in the frosty air. I rubbed it, leaving a streak of gun grease from my glove across my cheek. A quick motion with the shoulder of my wool shirt wiped the grease off. My attention turned to Mexie, who by now was at least fifty yards ahead of me, still sniffing. I whistled. She turned, head raised, and trotted toward me with her funny, ear-flapping gait. I never ceased to be amused by the way her hind legs tried to catch up with her front legs, as if she were a creature in an Egyptian painting. She stopped a few feet ahead of me, stretched stiffly, and then proceeded to follow me.

From farther up the path I could hear the low sound of men's voices. Soon I could see the faint light from the campfire in the clearing that was to be our meeting place. Mexie barked and began running through the trees toward the light. I began walking faster. Within a few minutes I entered the smoky, fire-lit clearing and saw that Mexie had already been welcomed by the other dogs in the camp and was the object of a conversation between several men. I was the youngest person there; nearly all the others were middle-aged men, and a few were quite elderly. My next-door neighbor was there, as well as the town judge, a few neighboring farmers, several local businessmen and some other men that I knew by sight. Doc Andrews was stooping over, a gun in one hand, rubbing Mexie's ears with the other. His white hair shone in the flickering firelight.

"Hey, Kid," he asked, "this your dog?"

I nodded proudly, swallowed hard, and tried to speak.
"She's a fine looking dog," Doc continued. "I bet she was a good hunter when she was young."

My words came out quickly. "But she isn't old, Doc. You just wait till she gets onto a scent."

Doc was not listening to me. He was listening to the plans being made for the game dinner the following evening. The crowd of men was beginning to break up, the dogs started to bark, and Doc turned back to me.

"Why don't you head east and I'll head north. We can meet at the edge of the meadow and work our way back up through the ravine. That is, if you don't have a partner already."

I grinned, nodded, whistled for Mex, and started off. Very soon we had left the sounds of the camp behind us. Suddenly Mexie stopped, circled a fallen tree, and began running, nose to the ground. She was onto a scent! Her deep-throated baying reverberated over the whole mountainside. It was a pleasant, musical sound. "Like a bugle," Dad had always said. Listening to that mellow sound drifting through the night was the best part of the hunt, I thought. My foot caught in a root and I stumbled. Picking myself up, I cursed the root softly, cradled my gun in my arm, and started running after Mex. I knew that once she had the coon treed, I would have no trouble. Only an old dog or a very poorly trained one ever lets a coon drop from a tree. Mex had never lost a coon, and she would certainly never let one drop.

I found Mex circling the base of a scrubby pine tree, barking up into the branches. I flashed my light around. No coon. Moving to the other side, I flashed my light again. Still no coon. Mex became quiet. She lowered her head and began to tremble. There was no coon. It must have dropped. I rubbed the stock of my gun unconsciously, then began to unload it. I put the shells in my pocket.

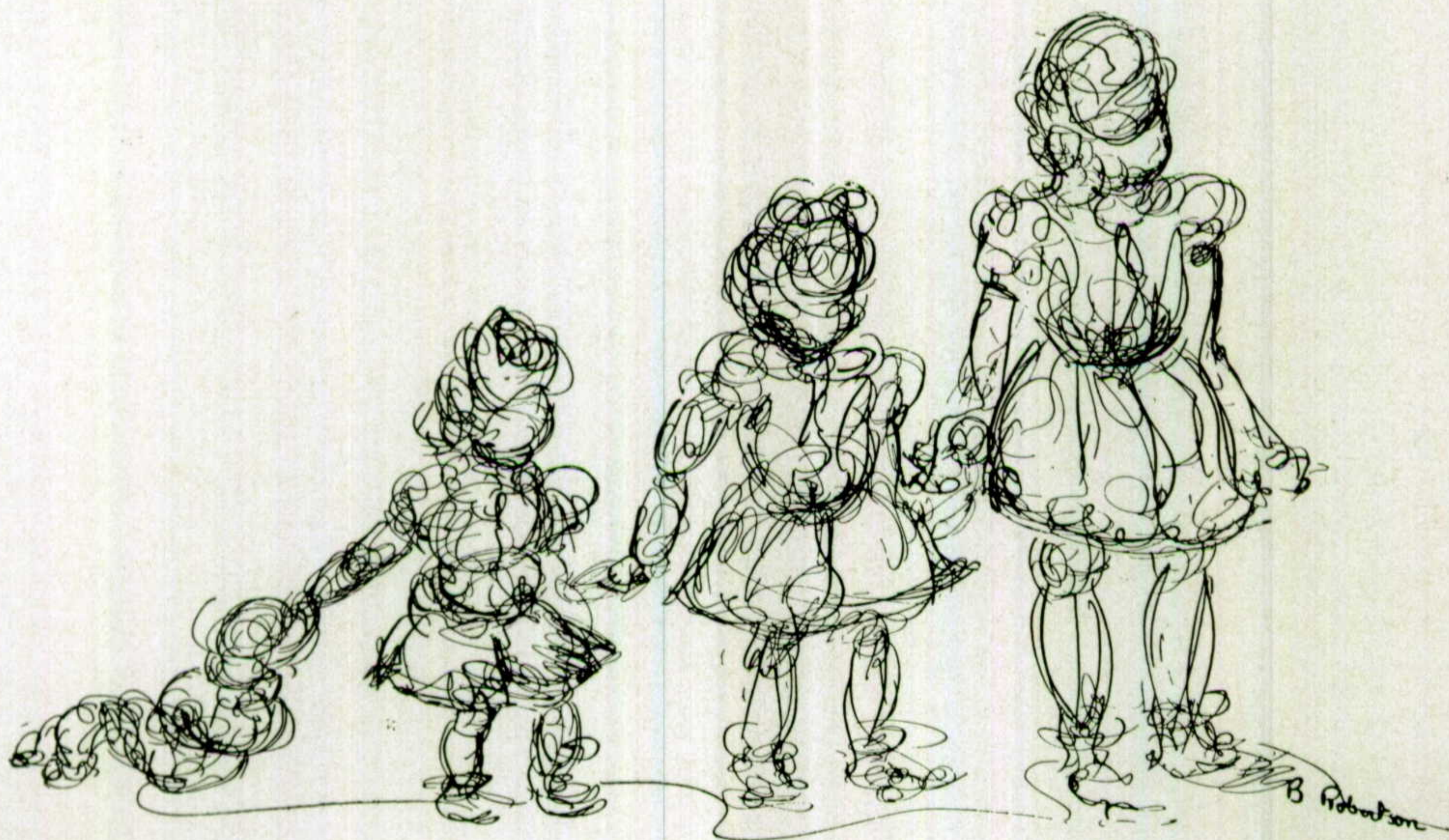
"Come on, Old Lady," I said quietly. "We're going home."

A sound in the underbrush made me turn around. Doc Andrews was standing there.

"You're not leaving the hunt, are you?" he asked.

"Yes." My breath caught as I answered. "It's getting late."

Deborah Washburn, 1955



THE MAUVE FACADE

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH by Samuel Butler is a novel but it seems more like a biography of Ernest Pontifex, eldest son in a middle-class English family. He was born in the year 1850, the year of Samuel Butler's birth. His father was the smug and snobbish rector of a country parish; Butler's grandfather was a great bishop. The story is told from the point of view of Ernest's godfather who expresses the author's personal views. During the years between 1872 and 1885 when the book was being written, the Victorian family was highly revered and orthodox in its beliefs; as an institution it had been alternately sentimentalized and satirized in the novels of Dickens and Thackeray. Butler, however, writing somewhat later, saw only the pretentiousness, snobbishness, and hypocrisy of the period and in this book attacks bitterly the customs and beliefs of the Victorian family.

The story is about a young man's struggle to free himself from the influence of a domineering father and to become the person he was meant to be. Butler shows that the seemingly most upright parents can be stupid, and that a child's failure to conform to a system may be caused by faults in the system rather than by faults in the child. The situation is made more searing because the father in this case is a clergyman. The story, beginning with Ernest's stifled childhood, carries him through his struggle to become a clergyman—to please his father, his disgrace in having to serve a prison term, his blind and unhappy marriage, and finally his becoming a writer and an individual. All through his life he is immature and naive in his struggle between what he has been brought up to believe and what he really thinks is right. His spirit seems to be broken at first, but slowly and painfully by each experience he is freed from the bondage of his family, he finds his own sense of values, and is able to stand on his own feet. If this book had been published before the twentieth century, Victorians reading it would have winced or else been delighted that someone had at last dared to tell the truth. Published in 1903, it became a controversial and influential book which ripped the mauve facade from the Victorian home. Even today its truth is powerful.

Ernest is the black sheep of his family, the sort of person who was shunned by polite society of his time. But Butler dissects his situation so that the reader sees the truth about him. He is really a nicer-than-average young fellow who has been spiritually crippled by narrow discipline and cast out helpless into a world which he is wholly unprepared to meet. His father, florid and bloated from too much food and wine, is much more concerned with the attendance at his church than with religion itself. Secretly frustrated in his own life, he takes his rebelliousness out on his children, but always in the name of building character. Really he does not like children, and Ernest, looking back later, remembers his father only with fear and dislike. The rector lives according to strict routine, rules the house without humor, and dictates a code of morality to family and congregation with pompous verbosity. Family prayers as seen through the eyes of Ernest as a small boy are typical of life at the rectory. When Ernest, as a man, returns to his home, he finds himself distracted by the same things which bothered him as a child. While his father drones on, the household bow their heads in bored submission. He finds that nothing has been changed, except that his picture has been removed. "The paper on the walls was still unchanged; the roses were still waiting for the bees, and in the dining-room the ravens were still trying to feed Elijah over the fireplace." He finds that even as a grown man he is uncomfortable in the dining-room because it was always there that his father had punished him as a boy. Ernest's mother, Christina Pontifex, is portrayed by Butler as the virtuous and priggish Victorian mother. She prides herself on being a martyr and prefaces each remark with, "Your dear mama—" or "Your beloved father and I—" She succeeds in making her children feel absolutely guilt-laden. And when she dies, her "beloved husband" "buries his face in his handkerchief for want of emotion."

Samuel Butler has written a book which has survived its age without seeming dated. He was ahead of his age. A book like UNCLE TOM'S CABIN does not affect us deeply any more because we do not feel emotional about slavery today. But THE WAY OF ALL FLESH carries a lasting significance because it cries out to anyone, in any age, who has ever been thwarted, or regimented, or pushed into a mold of any kind. Ernest seems to have really lived and his story has verisimilitude even today. The title itself suggests the bitterness of the truth about the frailties of human nature. Butler's style has a dry, comic force which is biting and direct. Although he is often bitter and negative, he makes one think. It is not for me to say whether he went too far or not with his satire, but his honesty and fearlessness have certainly convinced me that he was speaking the truth.

Alix Hegeler, 1955

HODIE CHRISTUS NATUS EST

Grey and muffled,
The footbeats pool small echoes
Amid vaulted arches of the corridor.
The massive oaken door inches shut,
Standing once more closed
Against the hurling snows.
Patient halls reverberate with canticles
That issue from a chamber
As a cassocked monk opens the Gothic door.
Feet whisper on flagstone
And priests return to their cells to pray.
Inside the dimly lit scriptorium
Eight brothers
Deep in concentration
Labor over manuscripts.
Color flares, gold and ruby,
Gold and sapphire and emerald,
As rush light flickers over vellum.
Across the hall
Drone the voices of monks in chapel,
Praying for the troubled world
Whence they have fled.

Ann Lauer, 1956



nonmobile

(in the more-or-less manner of e. e. cummings)

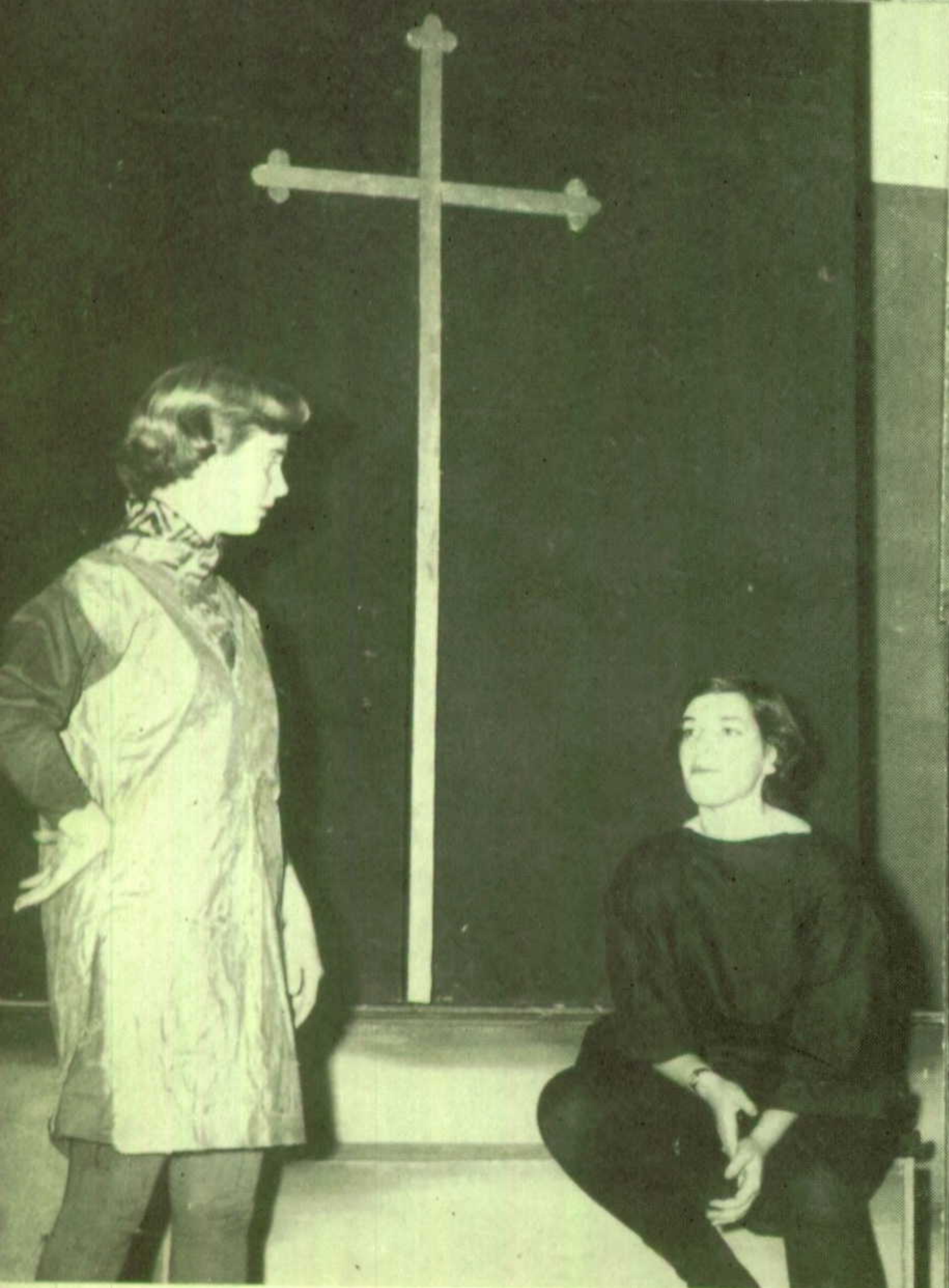
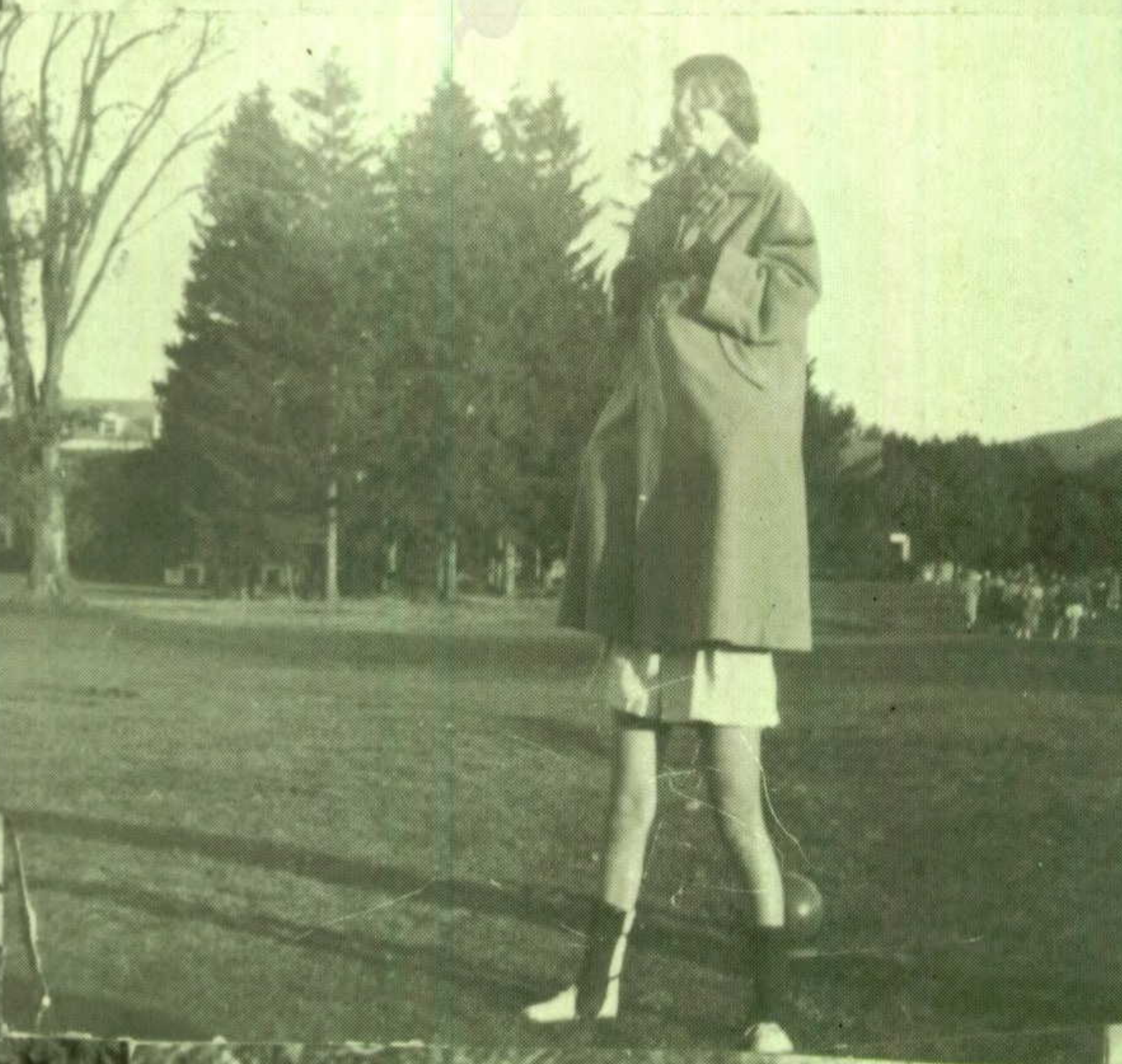
the uncountryside girl explained
that there was to be no talking
in the sometimes-but-not-always study hall
what is the perhaps syntax
of an epidemic that sets
 mobiles a-quiver,
 lobster and fish- in-the-stomach of
 chasing- the-mouse cat?
(exit the virus)

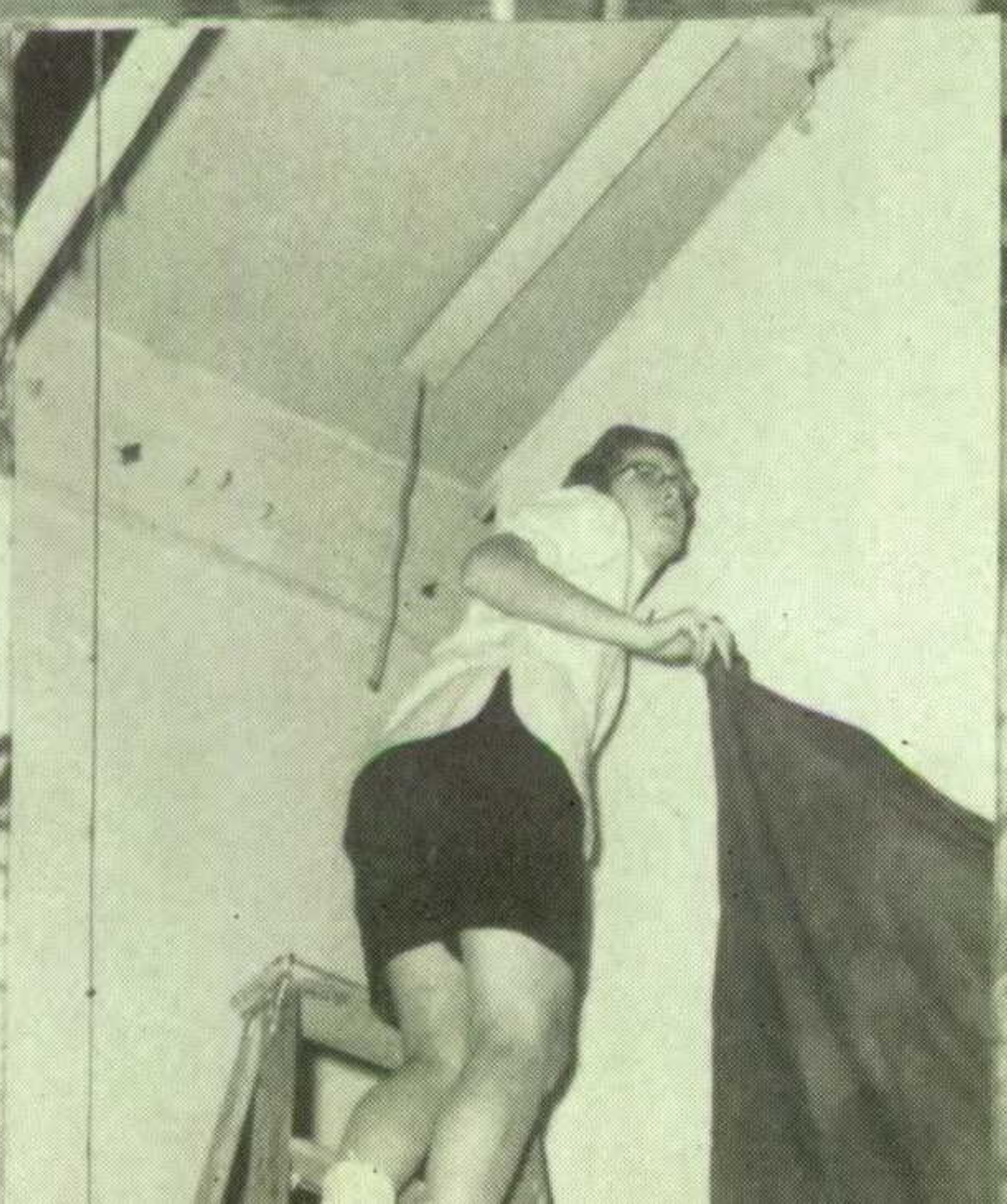
the unplanaria had obligingly
grown a nonmembrane
while the seniors floundered
twenty thousand leagues
undertheseaofwork
can you
live with yourself
and the double dragon fly— or negative (or did
the post- office really burn down?)
down

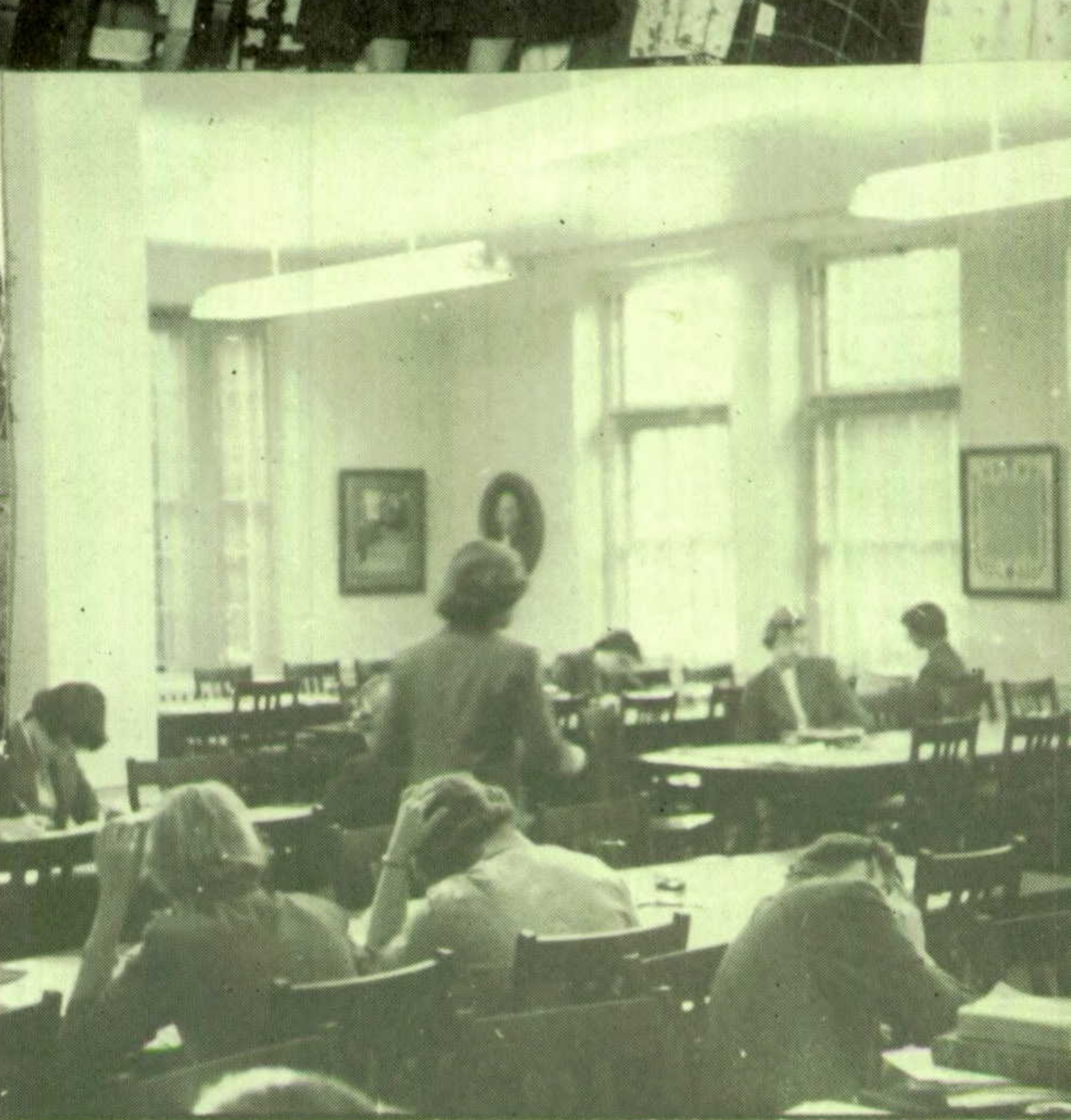
from the stained-glass window
stepped giocolino
whining plaintively (quote)
how much longer do i have
to stay out here? (unquote)
mobile fish and cat's paw
quivering on tensile wire
if this is unlife
what is nondeath?
whose terse reply?
unchildren should be ob-seen
and not abs-heard
mudloving, pondslimy tadpoles
fourteen jars of—
chocolate- flavored untidiness. . . .
(o love go ring the emergency fire alarm, et cetera)

leave us
to study for our so-to-speak college boards
but little tongue-in-the-cheek audrey
just laughed
and laughed
she knew—kind of—
whom wouldn't be her partner
at the spring dance!

k.r., c.c., d.e.p.







ADDRESSES

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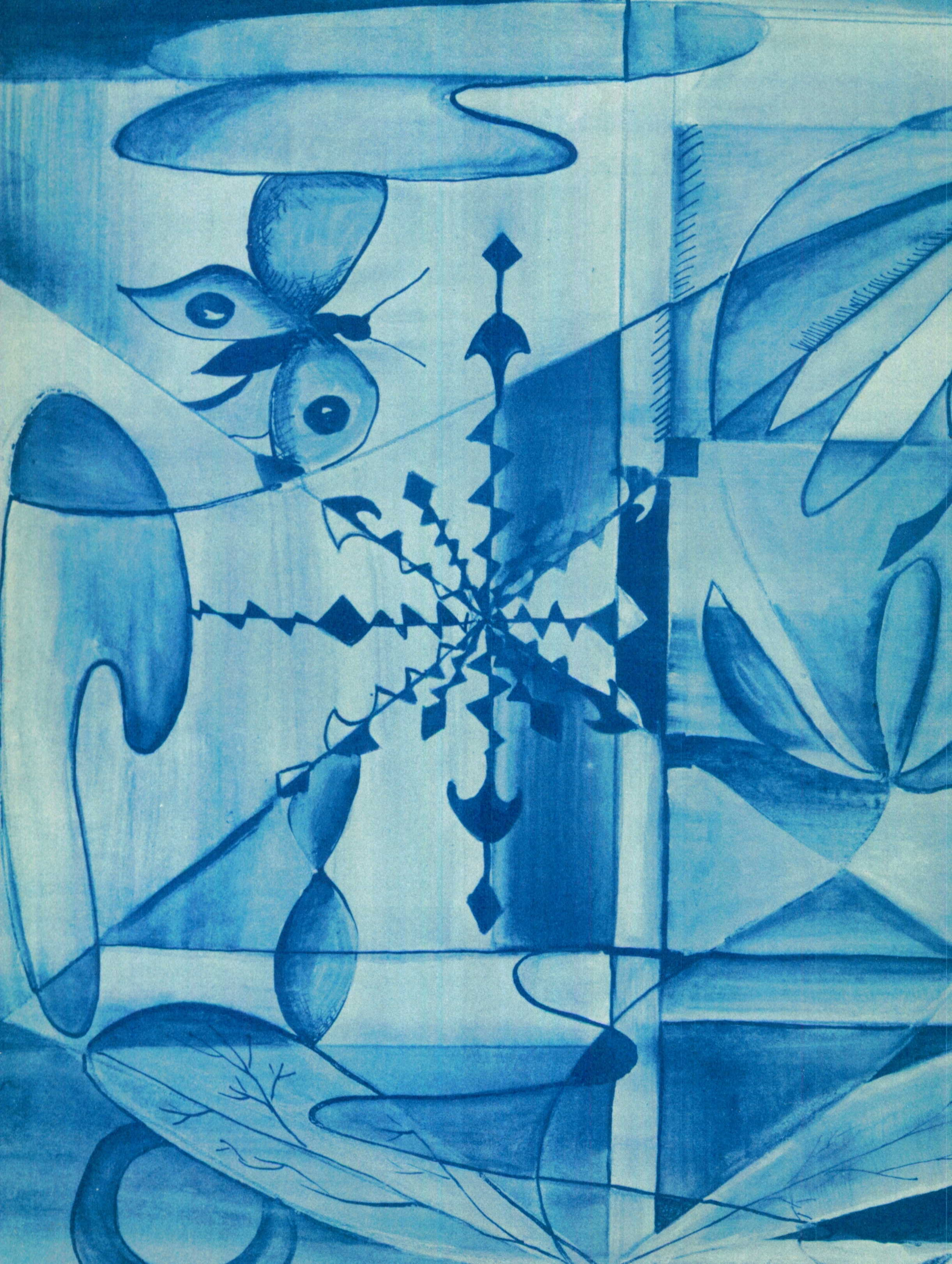
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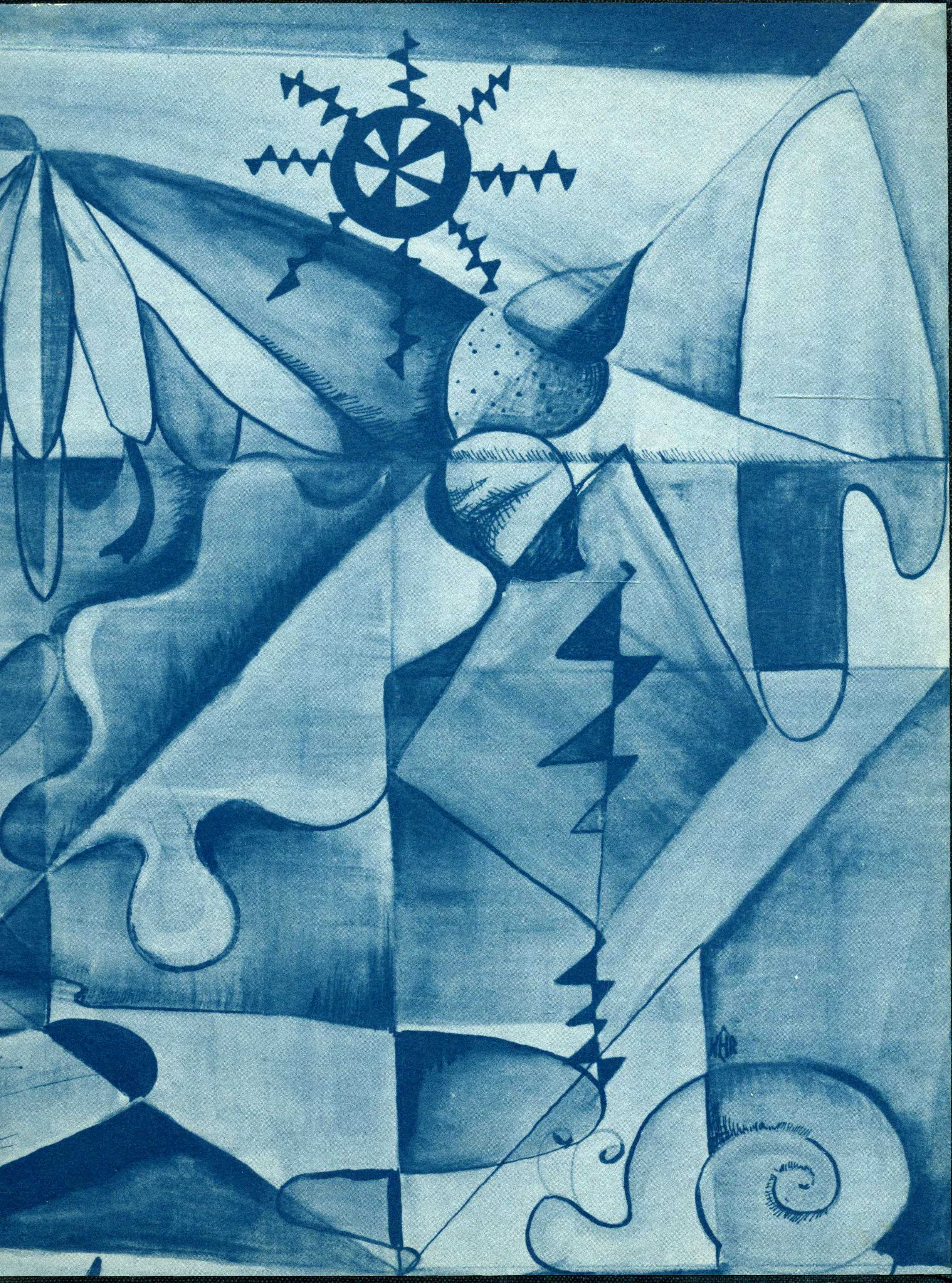
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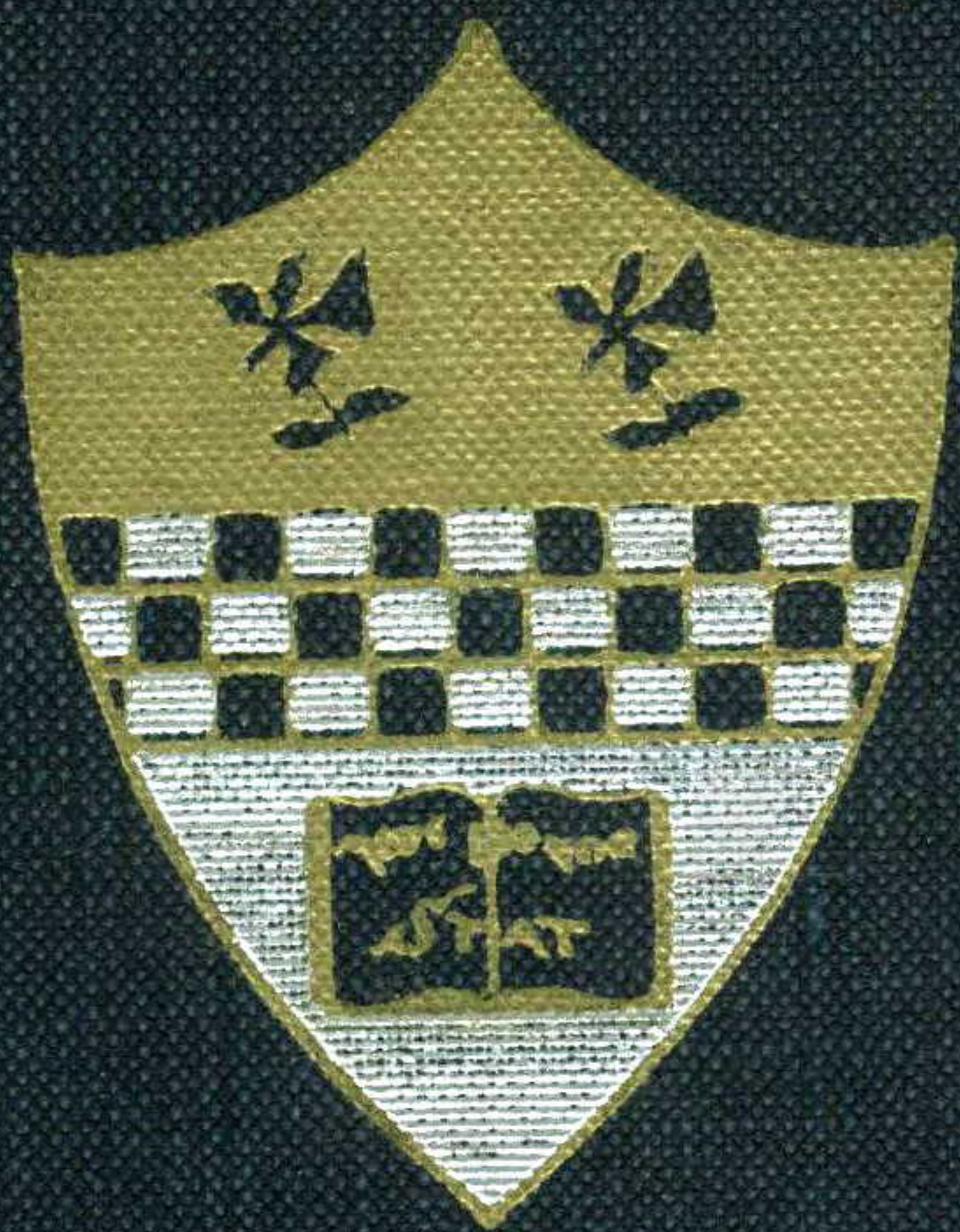
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